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the Life of
TOM
HANKS*

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AMERICA'S
MOST
RADICAL
HACKER

SECRETS
OF 'THE
WALKING
DEAD'

*Fuzz
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NEIL
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THE WHO
ON TOUR WITH
'QUADROPHENIA'

TAYLOR
SWIFT
THE CRAZY POP
DRAMA OF 'RED'

OBAMA
AND THE ROAD
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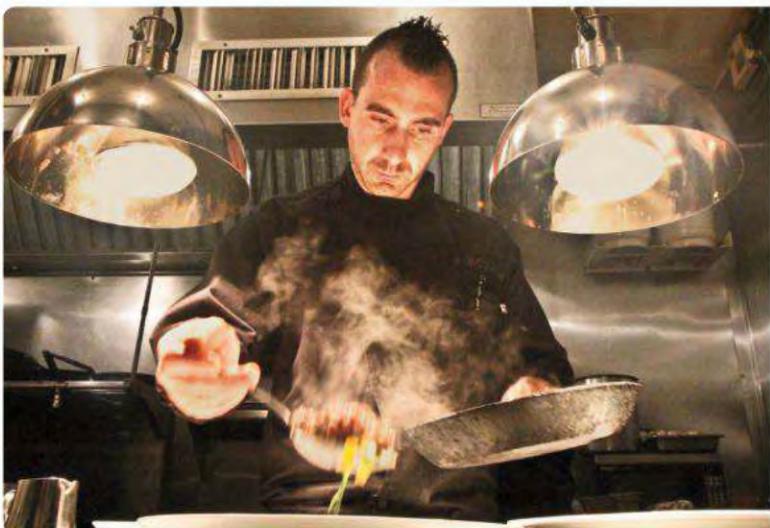
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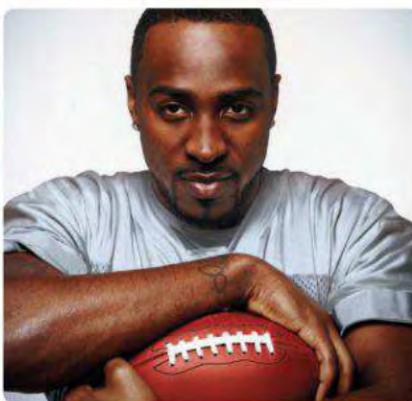


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“We’re going to have a full agenda in the second four years.”

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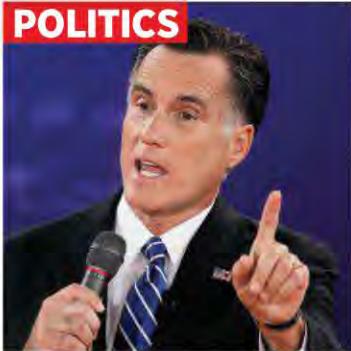
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MITT ROMNEY'S DIRTIES BACKERS

Meet the real architects of the Republican presidential candidate's potentially disastrous energy policy: top oil and coal lobbyists like Jim Talent, dirty-power executives such as Harold Hamm, and billionaire polluters Charles and David Koch.

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ANDREW LINCOLN: SECRETS OF 'THE WALKING DEAD'

Spoiler alert! The star of cable's biggest drama chats with RS about what to expect on the new season of *The Walking Dead* ("They really up the ante"), how he dealt with the madness of Comic-Con and what weapon he'd use to kill a zombie.



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THE ULTIMATE JAMES BOND PLAYLIST

"Goldfinger" or "Nobody Does It Better"? Adele's "Skyfall" or "Live and Let Die"? The definitive guide to the best Bond songs, from Shirley Bassey all the way to Duran Duran and Madonna.

FLASHBACK

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: THE 'ROLLING STONE' FILES

Get the best of Bruce in ROLLING STONE – from our 1973 review of *Greetings From Asbury Park N.J.* to his first cover story, in 1978, to our coverage of the *Wrecking Ball* tour.



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LOVE LETTERS
& ADVICE



Adele's Glory

LIKE ITS SUBJECT, DAVID Browne's cover story on Adele was pitch-perfect ["The Triumph of Adele," RS 1167]. Adele's gift is thrilling. I'm glad she didn't change her priorities just to cash in. Adele knows it's about honesty and integrity. Oh, and those balls-to-the-wall performances of hers.

John Hankinson, Bedminster, NJ

ADELE IS A SINGER'S SINGER, a rarity in the Auto-Tuned era. It's nice to be a fan of a vocalist with genuine chops.

Barry Stapleton, via the Internet

IT'S DISAPPOINTING THAT you only had the guts to print head shots of Adele. Yeah, she's fat. So the fuck what? Man up and show her the same way you would every other female artist.

Brendan Conk, Montclair, NJ

LOVED THE PIECE ON Adele's precursors ["Beyond 21," RS 1167]. I'm grateful you included Bonnie Bramlett, one of my all-time favorites. My girlfriend and I used to play *Delaney & Bonnie & Friends: On Tour With Eric Clapton* over and over. It was great to see her in this exalted company.

James Bowness, via the Internet

Web of Revenge

HUNTER MOORE REMINDED me of Bret Easton Ellis' *American Psycho* ["The Most Hated

Mitt's Radical Agenda

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR Tim Dickinson's piece on the congressional Republicans' extreme economic and social agenda ["Who's Driving Mitt?" RS 1167] drew admiration from mainstream media and became a rallying cry for President Obama and the Democrats. On Current TV's Viewpoint, host Eliot Spitzer praised Dickinson's reporting and expressed astonishment at the story's inevitable conclusion: "When you see how the pieces fit together," Spitzer said, "from the budget plan to the guns, gods and gays piece of the social agenda, you step back and say, 'Romney became the Tea Party. Lock, stock and barrel.'" On MSNBC, Martin Bashir called Dickinson's

reporting "excellent," and Daily Kos labeled Dickinson's analysis a "must-read," going on to call it proof that a Romney-Ryan presidency would be dangerous and "more detrimental to our well-being than the Bush-Cheney regime."



AFTER READING DICKINSON'S piece, this right-leaning Canuck is left with one question: Who would ever vote for the Republican Party? In our country, such extremist platforms are the stuff of the fringe. With polls tightening around the country, God help us all.

Dennis Forbes

Victoria, British Columbia

GROVER NORQUIST SAID they only needed a president with 10 working digits to sign their agenda into law. How

Man on the Internet," RS 1167]. Moore is one of the most depraved people I have ever read about. Even worse are those who visit revenge-porn sites. Have they no shame?

Josh Bledsoe, Pleasant Hill, OH

SORRY TO SEE THE HUNTER Moore story in the "Women Who Rock" issue. I guess people

could anyone who isn't in the one percent support this?

Debbie Jones, via the Internet

IF YOU ARE MAKING LESS than \$150,000 a year, voting for Romney-Ryan is the civic equivalent of shooting yourself in the foot. Tim Dickinson should be required reading for every voter.

Walter Ford, Los Angeles

AT LEAST NOW WE KNOW in whose handbasket we will be delivered.

Jason Rahall, via the Internet

should know about misogynist bullies like Moore, especially in light of bullied teen Amanda Todd's recent suicide.

Marie Brodie, Swansboro, NC

YOUR WELL-WRITTEN Hunter Moore piece was a testament to how the Internet can disconnect us from caring whether or not we hurt others.

I was dismayed, though, by what seemed like a subtle admiration of Moore's "creative energy." Quite frankly, I think his complete lack of a moral compass was appalling. He's no less of a sociopath than the gangster princess, Lisette Lee, whom you quite rightly condemned some months ago.

Nadia Dawisha, via the Internet

Hedging America

MATT TAIBBI REMAINS THE best writer on the Wall Street beat ["Wall Street Bets Wrong," RS 1167]. How can Wall Street so blatantly bet against the best interests of the country?

Beth Sharpe, via the Internet

IF HE REALLY WANTS TO WIN a second term, all President Obama has to do is read Matt Taibbi's articles about Mitt Romney to the American people during the next debate.

Matthew Pilla, Apex, NC

Keys Clarifies

IN THE ARTICLE "ALICIA Keys Takes Control" [RS 1167], ROLLING STONE suggested that Ms. Keys decided to alter her relationship with her former personal manager, Jeff Robinson, because he "was reportedly taking a huge share of her profits." This assertion is simply not true. The fact is that Mr. Robinson's compensation as Ms. Keys' manager was well within industry norms and had absolutely nothing to do with Ms. Keys' decision to effect a change in her managerial team.

John J. Rosenberg
Attorney for Keys, New York

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THE PLAYLIST

OUR FAVORITE SONGS, ALBUMS AND VIDEOS RIGHT NOW



1. The Rolling Stones "Doom and Gloom"

Don't even *think* about doin' no fracking around Mick Jagger! On the Stones' supercharged new Chuck Berry-ish jam, Jagger howls against ripped-from-the-headlines evils as the band blasts away behind him. Hot rocks, 2012-style!



2. Jack White "I'm Shakin'" video ▲

Who's more garage-rock-riffic than Jack fuckin' White? Jack fuckin' White, duh! In the *Looper*-y clip for his revved-to-the-max cover of the R&B classic, JW faces off with JW, unleashing some major riff-on-riff violence. Somebody call the guitar police! This could get dangerous!

4. Bruno Mars

"Locked Out of Heaven"

On this reggae-flavored slice of pop-radio perfection, Mars gets his Sting on – or maybe it's his Gotye? Either way, the hook won't leave your head for months.

5. Elvis Presley

"Suspicious Minds"

(live)

When the King played Madison Square Garden in 1972, he ruled like no other headliner. Need proof? Check the new DVD *Prince From Another Planet*.



3. Kanye West

"White Dress"

Yezy takes a break from ego-powered opera rap from the year 3000 (not that we're tired of hearing about his Lambo!) with this sweet, laid-back, soul-fueled love song for a girl who "rock[s] flannels all summer like Kurt Cobain." Awwwww.

6. Purity Ring and Danny Brown

"Belispeak II"

The only thing that could make the Canadian synth-pop duo's jam hipper is a verse from freaky-cool Detroit MC Danny Brown. So they went out and got one! It's like "Walk This Way" for kids in cardigans.

7. Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

"Same Love"

The totally hetero Seattle rap duo scored a monster sleeper hit with this gay-rights-championing anthem: "No freedom till we're equal, damn right I support it!"

ROLLING STONE SOUND-TRACK

The best music featured in this issue

Taylor Swift

"I Knew You Were Trouble"

Swift's new LP is packed with radio-dominating new sounds – like on this megacatchy standout, featuring a wub-tacular dubstep breakdown.

Neil Young and Crazy Horse

"Ramada Inn"

Neil's new double-disc set has a lot of furious peaks, but right now we're especially digging this 17-minute midtempo stunner.

Green Day

"Stray Heart"

The first blast from the band's forthcoming *iDOS!* is this breezy, high-energy New Wave take on a Fifties bubblegum love song.

Pete Townshend

"Won't Get Fooled Again" video

After a recent Q&A about his new book with ROLLING STONE founder and editor Jann S. Wenner, Townshend wowed the crowd with this killer acoustic take on the Who classic.

Tim Vocals

"NYC"

The rising R&B star croons about slinging drugs, over a beat he borrowed from Omarion, on this tune from his much-buzzed mixtape, *Live From Harlem*. Ace.

Ultraísta

"Our Song"

Radiohead producer Nigel Godrich's new band delivers a killer set of expertly deconstructed dance grooves. This one is our favorite – for now.

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JON ELLIS - MUSEUM SECURITY GUARD



Rock & Roll

GUESS WHO'S BACK? "Once the juggernaut starts rolling, it ain't gonna stop," says Richards.

EXCLUSIVE

Inside the Stones' Reunion

Mick and Keith tell all about the band's 50th-anniversary blowout By Brian Hiatt

After half a century of hits, addictions, mayhem and enough bad blood to flood the Thames, the Rolling Stones have gotten it together just in time to celebrate their latest anniversary onstage. But Mick Jagger isn't inclined to get all mushy about the achievement. "I wanted to call the tour 'Fuck Off,'" Jagger says. "But no one went for that."

Adds Keith Richards, "To keep a band together this long, let alone a rock & roll band, is probably unique in musical history. After all, that's what I was born for: to make musical history."

[Cont. on 14]

THE ROLLING STONES

[Cont. from 13] What the Stones have announced so far is not quite a tour: They're playing four shows this year, on November 25th and 29th at London's O2 arena, and on December 13th and 15th at the Prudential Center in Newark, New Jersey. But Richards doubts they'll end there. "My experience with the Rolling Stones," he says, "is that once the juggernaut starts rolling, it ain't gonna stop. So without sort of saying definitely yes - yeah. We ain't doing all this for four gigs!"

The Stones expect former guitarist Mick Taylor (who quit in 1974) and founding bassist Bill Wyman (gone since '93) to come on board for the four shows, but only as guests on a few songs. Richards emphasizes that longtime touring bassist Darryl Jones isn't going anywhere. "Darryl doesn't get enough recognition," says Richards. "He and Bill can talk about songs they want to step in and out of." For the final show in Newark (to be broadcast live on pay-per-view), more guests are likely to pop by - Ron Wood drops names like Eric Clapton and Jeff Beck as possibilities.

The band shrugs off grumbling about the \$800-plus it's charging for the best tickets. "As Keith said, 'Sounds about right,'" says Wood. "I'd pay it! We already spent, like, a million on rehearsing, and we're not even halfway through. And the stage is going to cost millions and millions."

The Stones also have a new career-spanning documentary, *Crossfire Hurricane*, directed by Brett Morgen, that debuts on HBO on November 15th. In less than two hours, the film races through history from the band's earliest shows at the Marquee Club to the arrival of Wood, keeping a relatively light tone throughout. "I never wanted to make a nostalgic movie," says Jagger. "It's got to be kind of irreverent."

One prerequisite for the Rolling Stones' reunion was an apology from Richards to Jagger for the stream of insults the guitarist included in *Life*, his bestselling 2011 memoir. "He did apologize, to my face," says Jagger quietly. "So you have to put all that sort of stuff away. Water under the bridge, really. Hopefully, you know, we can carry on working."

Adds Richards, "It was something to get out of the bloody way so we could get the

band on the road. You know, I'll say sorry to God if you like. I don't give a shit. I said, 'Look forward, brother, look forward.' If you were married to somebody for 50 years, you can have your little spats here and there, and we don't mind having them in public occasionally. We can't get divorced - we're doing it for the kids!"

"Doom and Gloom," the newly recorded single from the band's latest greatest-hits collection, *GRRR!*, sounds more or less like classic Stones, albeit with modern production tweaks. But that doesn't mean that Jagger and Richards have revived their songwriting partnership quite yet. The



NOT FADE AWAY
Brian Jones, Watts,
Richards, Wyman
and Jagger (from
left) in 1963

song began as a demo that Jagger made on his own, and even the opening guitar riff turns out to be Jagger playing, not Richards. "I don't give a damn," says Richards. "He'd never have learned how to play that without me teaching him how to do it."

Another factor in the long hiatus since the 2007 finale of the *Bigger Bang* tour was Wood's struggle with alcohol addiction. He's now in his third year of sobriety,

and he expects to keep it up on the road, though previous tours were always a challenge. "Looking back," says Wood, "there was always that secret vodka, like the one before I'd go onstage. Which was never just one, anyway."

Richards is also drinking significantly less. "I don't get ridiculous," he says. "I like a glass of wine with my meal and everything, but I've given up sort of waking up and having a drink, you know? I gave up smack, I can give up anything. No big deal to me, I do it to impress other people. But if they come up with a great new drug, I'll be the first one on it, believe me."

Richards argues that his substance use, or lack thereof, has little effect on his playing, but Wood disagrees. "Keith is a pleasure to play with now," Wood says. "It was a pain on the last tour toward the end, because he was really going for it on the drinking and denial. But now he's realized that he has gotta look after himself." Since Richards isn't completely sober, Wood is inclined to keep an eye on him. "I'm not going to preach to him," he says. "I will step in if I see any danger."

The Stones seem genuinely excited about their recent rehearsals in Paris, which have included rarely played songs

such as the Lennon-McCartney-penned "I Wanna Be Your Man" and the *Aftermath* ballad "Lady Jane." "Going in, one thinks, 'Oh, my Christ, I'm a doddering old man,'" says Richards. "But it's not true! The payoff from the energy that's been wound up over the five years is incredible."

For Jagger, performing with the Stones means living up to a reputation as an ageless physical marvel, which he insists is highly exaggerated. "Everyone's human," he says, "and you can't really expect it to last forever. On the other hand, you try to keep yourself in shape. Obviously you can't do the same things [onstage] you did when you were 19, so you have to do other things. There's no miracles in life." But he knows that fans expect him to somehow be an exception: "It's a bit of a burden, really, isn't it? I better be OK, at least."

If anything, the physical burden is even harder on 71-year-old Charlie Watts, who has a masseuse on hand for his back after every rehearsal. "It takes a heavy toll playing them drums," says Wood, "to make it look like he's doing nothing, and to make it sound like those firecrackers going off. It all goes to his back, you know? He suffers terribly."

The Stones are bracing themselves to be asked yet again if this could be the last time. But even if it was, they'd never tell you. "That's not a card, in my opinion, that should be played," says Jagger, who says he'd like to record another Stones album eventually. "I know lots of people do play that card, but it nearly always backfires on them."

It's not lost on the Rolling Stones that they won't be alone on the road this winter, with so many of their peers - Bob Dylan, the Who and Paul McCartney, to name a few - also playing to huge audiences at this very late date. "What can you say?" Richards says. "It's a hell of a generation."

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Secrets of the Zombie Factory

Inside 'The Walking Dead,' AMC's juggernaut that's the biggest drama on cable TV

WHEN 10.9 MILLION PEOPLE tuned in for the Season Three debut of AMC's *The Walking Dead* on October 14th, it became the most watched episode of a cable drama in history. But one key person didn't even set his DVR. "I don't watch the show," says Andrew Lincoln, who stars as Rick Grimes, the small-town Georgia sheriff's deputy who leads the show's ragtag band of survivors during the zombie apocalypse. "I haven't watched myself act for a few years now. I don't enjoy it."

Lincoln's abstention notwithstanding, *The Walking Dead* has become a juggernaut — elbowing out vampires to become pop culture's reigning undead champ. But according to showrunner Glen Mazzara, *The Walking Dead*'s hordes of reanimated "walkers" are incidental to the story he's telling. "The show isn't about zombies," he says. "It's about survival — against a savage world, we have only ourselves and each other to protect us."

During its first two seasons, *The Walking Dead* toed the line between pulpy creature feature — zombies are gruesomely dispatched with gunshots to the brain, crowbars through the face and skull-crushing hatchet blows — and heady end-times parable about the very nature of



CREEP SHOW
Lincoln (front) fights back against the zombie hordes.

humanity. "The zombies are this nameless, shuffling, unrelenting surge of something that scares the shit out of you," says Sarah Wayne Callies, who plays Grimes' wife, Lori. "So if your mortgage is twice the value of your house, they tap into that fear. If you fear the Earth is becoming a polluted wasteland, the zombies become a metaphor for that."

Metaphor or not, *The Walking Dead* takes its zombies seriously. They're designed by Emmy-winning special-effects guru Greg Nicotero, and the extras who play them attend a special "zombie school" to make sure their movements don't get "too Frankenstein," says Lincoln.

The zombies also ensure a high in-show body count, which keeps the cast on edge.

"I'd be lying if I didn't say I read the last five pages first," says Callies. In response, the cast has also developed a ritual to bid farewell to the dearly departed. "We've evolved a set of 'death dinners,'" says Callies. "It gives everyone a chance to get properly sauced and say, 'We're going to miss the hell out of you.' Since the show has gotten more heat, we now have to disguise it as a birthday party so the waitstaff doesn't spill spoilers."

As Season Three begins, Mazzara is most pumped for all the things *The Walking Dead* still has in front of it. "Last season was a preface for the main story we're about to tell," he says. "Season Two, they were looking for help. Now the question is, 'What do we need to survive when no help is coming?' It's game on."

DAVID PEISNER

ZOMBIES INVADE YOUR XBOX

Four reasons the 'Walking Dead' video game might be even more gnarly fun than the show

Love *The Walking Dead*? Then you should definitely check out the truly excellent video game — which is even cooler, scarier and just plain better than the smash show in these key ways:

You make the horrible choices

As screenwriter Gary Whitta, the game's story consultant, points out, "Watching a show is a passive experience. When you feel like one of those characters, you're more invested."

Basically, you decide who lives and who becomes zombie food.

More cool characters

The game features characters from both the show and the original comic book. "We have Hershel and Glenn from the comic," says Whitta.



"[Comic writer] Robert Kirkman never wrote the backstory of these characters, so it's a great boon to us."

The story is even crazier

Even if you watch the show and have read all the comics, there are tons of surprises.

"The show is an adaptation, so they have to stick to the spine of the comic," says Whitta. "The game doesn't."

It keeps growing

With four episodes so far and another downloadable installment in November, the *Walking Dead* game provides something like 15 to 20 hours of blood-soaked undead destruction. Get your thumbs ready!

JESSE BRUKMAN

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Donald Fagen's Funk Odyssey

PROFILE

The Steely Dan frontman cuts loose with "ghetto fabulous" solo LP. Plus: What's next for the Dan?

DONALD FAGEN'S NEW "SUNKEN Condos" has got to be the funkiest album ever made by a 64-year-old white man. It doesn't hurt that he threw in a highly faithful cover of Isaac Hayes' 1977 hit "Out of the Ghetto," a song he came across while doing research for his R&B side project, the Dukes of September – and, as it turns out, he had an agenda in mind.

"It occurred to me," Fagen says, straight-faced, "that the word 'ghetto' for many decades had been associated only with an inner-city, African-American ghetto. I decided to reclaim the word for the Jews – in the sense of, like, the Warsaw Ghetto. So that a gorgeous Jewish girl could be ghetto fabulous. Like, say, Scarlett Johansson. And you know that Jennifer Connelly is half Jewish, for real? And Goldie Hawn, she was ghetto fabulous in her early days."

It seems possible that Fagen will spend the next hour or so adding to his compendium of Semitic pulchritude (Mila Kunis? "Deeply ghetto fabulous"), but with some reluctance, he allows the conversation to return to his fourth solo album. It's one of the few records he has made without any input from Steely Dan's other half, Walter Becker, who even produced Fagen's '93 solo LP, *Kamakiriad*. "There's always moments when I'm writing where I think, 'Hey, Walter, what do you think of this?'" says Fagen, who's so aggressively laid-back today that he's only bothered to button his shirt halfway. "But nobody answers, so I just go on with it."

The last Steely Dan record was recorded with a live band, but *Condos* is built up from Fagen's GarageBand demos, with heavily tweaked and looped drums from collaborator Michael Leonhart (who's

also the Dan's touring trumpet player). "I wanted more control of the details," says Fagen. But he bristles at the idea that he was ever seeking perfection: "We never thought about perfection. We wanted to sound professional, really – the way jazz people think of professional."

Condos seems less overtly autobiographical than Fagen's other solo LPs – it's hard to find him in the atom-bomb-obsessed *femme fatale* of "Memorabilia" or the female bowler of "Miss Marlene." But "Weather in My Head," a tough blues about depression ("They may fix the weather in the world, just like Mr. Gore said/But tell me what's to be done, Lord, 'bout the weather in my head?"), may be



SHOWBIZ KID
"I'm always playing a character," says Fagen.

another story. "I'm always playing a character," he says. "But they're either a short distance from me or further from me. Here they're closer to me than they are in Steely Dan records."

Fagen is also working on a possible book-length collection of his nonfiction writing, which may include a diary he kept on the most recent Steely Dan tour. And will the Dan ever record a follow-up to 2003's *Everything Must Go*? "Yeah, possibly. I don't see why not."

BRIAN HIATT



ASK DR. OZZY

QUESTION: My boss put me in charge of screening interns. Stupidly, I interviewed one in a bar and ended up having sex with her. Now she's threatening to sue if I don't give her a job (which is way beyond my power). How the fuck do I get out of this one? –Sam, New York

ANSWER: If there's one thing I've learned over the years, it's that you can't un-fuck somebody. By the time your trousers are down and the old tallywacker has made its grand entrance, it's good night, and good fucking luck. What blows my mind is that most guys can't help themselves even when the risks are insane. My advice? Just run, man, run. And get a lawyer.

QUESTION: My dad is sick. I should be flying every weekend from my home in Dallas to Atlanta to see him. Trouble is, I'm terrified of flying. What do I do? –Liz, Texas

ANSWER: A lot of people are gonna think you're an arsehole when they read this, but phobias don't make sense to people who don't have 'em. Bottom line, though: If you don't see your dad and something happens to him, the guilt will hit you like a shovel on the back of the head. It'll be worse than any phobia, trust me. Get pills. Go to therapy. Move closer. Or get in the car and fucking drive.

QUESTION: Thanks for the warning a couple of issues ago about alcohol vaporizers. Does this mean red-wine enemas (also known as "butt chugging") and vodka tampons are a safer way to go? –Alan, Georgia

ANSWER: What the fuck is wrong with you people? Even when I was a raging alcoholic, I never thought, "Oh, I wonder if this bottle of wine would taste better if I inserted a funnel between my cheeks and had someone pour it up my arse." The same goes for the tampon idea – it's fucking horrible. Aside from that, you're putting the booze straight into your bloodstream, which means you're bypassing your body's natural filtration system. God gave you a liver for a reason.

AS TOLD TO CHRIS AYERS

PROTECT YA NECK
RZA in *The Man With the Iron Fists*.



MOVIES

RZA's Kung-Fu Flick Dreams Come True

Inside the Wu-Tang Clan mastermind's bloody new movie

WHEN RZA WAS A HIGH school kid in Staten Island, his morning commute was a nearly two-mile walk. "I didn't have a nickel, didn't have a bus pass," he recalls, sitting in the Manhattan offices of his record label on a rainy fall afternoon. To pass the time as he schlepped, the future Wu-Tang Clan mastermind dreamed up elaborate stories of revenge and redemption inspired by his favorite martial-arts flicks, like 1978's *Five Deadly Venoms*. "Growing up in a place with gunfire, the brotherhood and loyalty in those movies resonated with me," he says. "Sometimes I'd get up in the morning, act like I was going to school, and take my ass to the movie theater. I remember me and Ol' Dirty Bastard being 14, 15, asking a man to buy our tickets for us because we were underage. We'd go in with a 40-ounce stuffed in our jackets." He shakes his head at the memory. "Great fucking day."

Wu-Tang Clan albums are thick with kung-fu lore and samples, but RZA long fantasized about making a film that would put his own spin on the genre. On November 2nd, he gets his wish with the release of *The Man With the Iron*

Fists — a jubilantly grisly tale of betrayal, honor and full-body suits made of knives, which he directed. "Some of the ideas go back to at least four of the movies I came up with on my walks to school," he says.

The shoot unfolded over 10 weeks in China, with Russell Crowe and Lucy Liu

hamming it up gloriously amid a cast that also included home-grown action stars like Daniel Wu. "It was a real special combination," says RZA, who plays a runaway-slave-turned-master-blacksmith in the film. He'd directed low-budget vanity projects, but now he had a

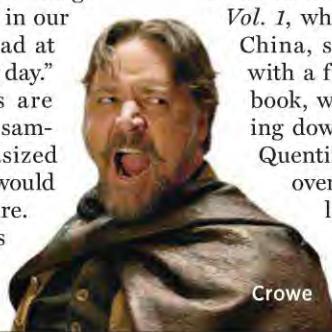
full crew and untold gallons of fake blood at his disposal. *Hostel* creator Eli Roth co-wrote the script with RZA, and their friend Quentin Tarantino signed on as the movie's "presenter." RZA says his proper education as a filmmaker came on the set of Tarantino's 2003 hit *Kill Bill: Vol. 1*, which he scored. "I flew to

China, spent 30 days on the set with a fucking composition notebook, watching everything, writing down notes," he says. "When Quentin visited my set, he leaned over at one point and said" — like a wise Shaolin monk

— "I'm proud of you: The student has become the master."

JONAH WEINER

Quentin Tarantino told RZA, "The student has become the master."



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: CHAN KAM CHUEN/UNIVERSAL PICTURES; CHRISTOPHER POLK/GETTY IMAGES; UNIVERSAL PICTURES

CHECKING IN

CHRISTINA AGUILERA AIMS FOR POP DOMINATION

'Lotus' is the 'Voice' coach's catchiest LP in years

Christina Aguilera admits that her last album, 2010's *Bionic*, didn't connect with her fans. "It had a lot of amazing sounds and a futuristic twist to it," she says. "But if you weren't a music person, it was just going to go over your head." On her follow-up, *Lotus* — her first LP since getting a divorce and becoming a judge on *The Voice* — Aguilera goes for a sleek, mainstream pop sound, not unlike her 2002 smash, *Stripped*. "When I made that record, I was shedding my skin and I had a lot of personal things to say," she adds. "A decade later, I've gone full circle and I'm embracing being a pop star again."

Buzz Off

"Shut Up," a bonus track on the new disc, is a furious screed against haters that culminates with Aguilera chanting, "If you don't like it/You can suck my dick." "That's for my fans to blast out of their cars," she says. "It's a great venting song."



Swede Emotion

Lotus marks Aguilera's first time working with Swedish pop-radio wizard Max Martin. "I'm not sure we would have been able to create the same music had we connected earlier," she says. "He did all the Britney and 'NSync songs, and I was doing something a little more daring. But we've gained respect for each other."

Resting the Voice

After three straight seasons of *The Voice*, Aguilera is temporarily handing off her rotating chair to Shakira for Season Four, airing next spring. "I worried that my advice would start to get stale and redundant," she says. "I have to go away for a second and live life. Being on *The Voice* has been amazing, but I need to see my friends and go on the road again." ANDY GREENE



GREETINGS
Springsteen
(front left) with
the E Street
Band in 1978

BOOKS

New Biography Reveals the Real Springsteen

Interviews with bandmates, family members and exes paint an unflinching portrait of the rock icon

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN GAVE JOURNALIST Peter Ames Carlin a key piece of advice for his new biography of the rocker, *Bruce*. "He said if there was anything I thought would make him uncomfortable, I should put it in," Carlin says. "He said to me, 'Every time people start talking about me like I'm perfect, it diminishes me.'"

The 494-page volume dives into Springsteen's personal life in unprecedented depth. Carlin spent countless hours interviewing Springsteen and the entire E Street Band — including Clarence Clemmons weeks before he died — along with family members, ex-girlfriends and even long-silent ex-wife Julianne Phillips.

Bassist Garry Tallent was particularly forthright, revealing the band's hurt feelings after

Springsteen personally asked his biographer not to spare his feelings.

the *Born in the U.S.A.* tour wrapped in 1985. During the *Tunnel of Love* sessions in 1987, Springsteen called them in only after cutting his new songs with session musicians, ordering the band to "beat the demos" in what Carlin calls "organized humiliation." Two years later, he fired the band entirely — and when he wanted to reunite, in late 1998, Springsteen made lowball offers through an employee. "After all that time, to get a call from the accountant?" Tallent says in the book. "I was insulted."

No previous biographer has uncovered as much about Springsteen's family, including his father's battles with depression. "Bruce's sister Ginny and his mom and I spent a wonderful evening chatting," Carlin says. "They told me stories that were hilarious and gripping."

Springsteen recently told European reporters that he had given up the idea of writing his own memoir. "I was disappointed," Carlin says. "I'd be the first guy in line to buy it." ANDY GREENE

Live From Harlem: Tim Vocals' Tough-Guy R&B

HOT MIXTAPE Meet the 25-year-old singer whose grimy cover tunes are blowing up online

THE YOUTUBE VIDEO that made Tim Vocals famous opens with him and a few friends joking around in a dimly lit building lobby. Then you hear the reason people call him Tim Vocals: his unexpectedly sweet

tenor voice, singing a profanity-laced rewrite of Drake's hit "Marvin's Room." "I like the element of surprise," says the 25-year-old Harlem crooner (born Timothy Hodge). "They see me on YouTube and say, 'I never knew you could do that!'"

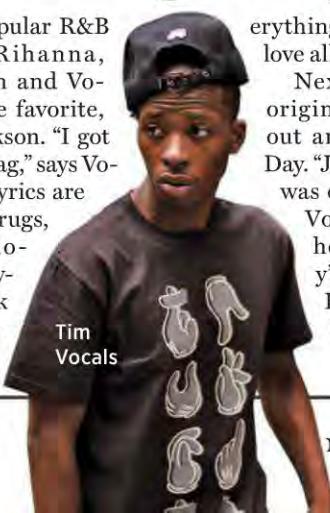
The Drake takeoff, called "Bags of the Sour," is a highlight of Vocals' online smash mixtape *Live From Harlem*, which also features his "goon-

mixes" of popular R&B tunes by Rihanna, Chris Brown and Vocals' all-time favorite, Michael Jackson. "I got a rapper's swag," says Vocals, whose lyrics are steeped in drugs, sex and violence. "I'm trying to break the genre where ev-

erything's gotta be about love all the time."

Next up: an EP of original material, due out around Valentine's Day. "Just the other day, I was on the block," says Vocals. "Now I'm here, speaking to y'all in an interview. How could it get better than that?"

SIMON VOZICK-LEVINSON



POLITICS

BRUCE ENDORSES PRESIDENT OBAMA

An excerpt from Springsteen's powerful stump speech in Ohio

"I remember President Obama's election night was an evening when you could feel the locked doors of the past finally being blown open to new possibilities. But then comes a hard, daily struggle to make those possibilities real in a world that is brutally resistant to change. We've seen that over the past four years.

But I came here today because I'm thankful for universal health care. I'm thankful GM is still making cars — what else would I write about? I'm here because I'm concerned about women's rights. And I'm here today because I've lived long enough to know that the future is rarely a tide rushing in. It's often a slow march, inch by inch, day after long day, and I believe we are in the midst of those long days right now. And I believe President Obama feels those days in his bones, for all 100 percent of us."



Springsteen



Obama

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Pete Townshend

On his autobiography, the Who's 'Quadrophenia' tour and how to write a rock anthem By Brian Hiatt

PETE TOWNSHEND JUST PUT OUT *Who I Am*, a soul-baring 503-page autobiography that instantly ranks with the best rock memoirs, but he still has plenty more to say. He hopes to release some of the hundreds of pages he cut from early drafts (including a detailed account of the genesis of *Tommy*) in some form, maybe even as a multimedia "online experience." And after the rigors of book promotion, the thought of his upcoming *Quadrophenia* tour with the Who actually seems kind of relaxing. "I'm looking forward to getting on the road and having a nice rest," says Townshend, who's sitting in his piano-equipped suite at New York's Carlyle hotel.

There's so much personal stuff in this book – is it wrong to assume you're beyond embarrassment at this point?

I can be terribly embarrassed. But I'm in a business where you sell yourself by the fucking pound. Before I made the decision to continue with the Who, I was at art school – I wanted to be an artist. And I genuinely wish that's what I'd done, because of the price that I and everybody around me has had to pay. I tend to use my defects and vulnerabilities to provide reflective catharsis for my audience – and in the process, I've become exposed.

I've come to accept that, but my ex-wife, for example, would much prefer that I'd never, ever said anything or written a single song. You know, particularly any song that I now say, "I wrote it for this girl." Did you hear from your ex-wife about this book?

It's none of your business! [Laughs]



You had to push Roger Daltrey to do *Quadrophenia* now. Why is it so important to you to take it on the road again?

I've got limited choices now. Not just because of my hearing, but also because something happens to me when I'm on the stage, particularly when I've got an electric guitar in my hand and a great band behind me. The zone I go into is not the same as the zone Carlos Santana goes into. I become almost like an idiot dancer meets Baryshnikov, meets some great athlete. I start to do things that I shouldn't be doing, sometimes my guitar gets too loud – but those are the moments that the crowd really seems to adore the most: when I get into this huge, demonstrative, physical display, accompanied by extraordinary guitar-playing. I play so much better today than I did when I was a young man. Maybe the biggest quantum improvement has been since John Entwistle died, because he left me the space to fill. So what's the problem?

What happens is that I hurt myself. I come off, I've got a dodgy knee, or my arm is almost dislocated, because I've swung it too often. But I feel that when I do *Quadrophenia*, I don't have to do quite so much of the antics. It's more controlled. And I'm never gonna do anything any better than *Quadrophenia* for a rock band. I have two roles in it: I can sing songs, and then stand back and kinda go, "I am the composer!" The Wagnerian moment. Will there be other songs in the encores?

Maybe just three or four hits. But Roger is in a new place – he wants to experiment.

You guys are one of many legendary rock acts still touring in their late sixties. How would you have felt about that 30 years ago?

I think it would have deeply shocked and upset me, and I think it probably does deeply shock and upset me. There's a bit of me inside that's a punk kid, kinda going, "This is shit." I may be different to all those guys because I've never liked it – I've never got as much fulfillment from doing a great gig with the Who as I have from sitting at home, with a tape machine and a guitar and a synthesizer, cooking up some great bit of music, knowing that that's more than one gig – it's a fucking century of musical impact.

You mention Roger Waters a lot in the book – is *The Wall* as good as your rock operas?

Unquestionably, yeah.

It doesn't end with the kind of spectacular rock [Cont. on 24]

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PETE TOWNSHEND

[Cont. from 22] anthem you'd write, though.

I'm not ashamed of praying onstage. In a sense, we discovered the rock anthem through that. At the end of *Tommy* there's a prayer to a higher power – "Listening to you, I get the music" and "See me, feel me, touch me, heal me." Rock audiences of the late Sixties would always stand up. They would suddenly feel, "Ah! I see, we're gathered here in order to lose ourselves in this plea for grace." And that's what the rock anthem is. Bono might think he's rallying the troops or something, but he's aware of the power of congregation. And Bruce Springsteen started to anthemize much, much more basic things, like, "We're driving through the streets of New Jersey and *we feel like fucking God!*"

Looking back, what triggered Keith Moon's decline?

What happened with Keith was he realized he was going to lose his wife – he had spent his whole young life worrying that she was going to run off with Rod Stewart or somebody. And he medicated carelessly using cocktails. I don't think I'd be here today if I drifted into cocaine use earlier than I did.

Ten years ago, you said you had 1,600 pieces of unreleased music.

I have more now.
What's going to happen to that stuff?

As the end approaches? I've already spoken to the British Library and the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. I don't have the time or inclination to weed out the crap myself, and there's some real shit in there.

Do you think that 2006's *Endless Wire* will be the last Who album?

You know, I don't. I'm not promising anything, but we too, like everybody else, have a 50th anniversary coming up. And I unashamedly like to celebrate anniversaries.

Will a guitar band ever change the world again?

It could happen any moment. But who knows? I don't know! ☺

**MATT TAIBBI**

The End of Reality

THE FAMOUS QUOTE BY DANIEL Patrick Moynihan, the late senator from New York – "You're entitled to your own opinions. You're not entitled to your own facts" – has been cited so many times this election season, it's close to becoming the official slogan of the campaign trail. Pundits on both sides have whipped it out over and over again, blasting their media counterparts (or even the candidates themselves) for injecting ever-increasing doses of baldfaced lies and fantasy "research" into the national discourse.

But Moynihan's line is out of date. The truth is, we now get to have our own opinions *and* our own facts. Moynihan came from an age before the TV market fractured into thousands of channels and the Internet created millions of new voices – a time, in other words, when Americans were still emotionally capable of facing the occasional five or six consecutive seconds of bad news. Today, the marketplace for reality-shoppers has expanded far beyond the already quaint innovation of conservatives and progressives each having their own news channels that spew their own custom-tailored "facts." The newest innovation is the phenomenon of competing sets of "scientific" opinion polls, a trend that popped up most recently when a *USA Today/Gallup* survey showed Rom-

ney erasing Obama's wide lead with female voters. Obama's handlers strongly contested that poll, pointing to other, friendlier surveys (like one by *The New York Times*) that showed the exact opposite.

Polls, loathsome as they are, were until recently a last bastion of objective reality. Now, thanks to America's increasingly massive complex of dueling partisan think tanks, no matter where you are on the political spectrum, the informational infrastructure exists for you to build a completely tailored media universe where you won't ever hear anything – not even a poll – that contradicts your point of view.

Americans apparently can't handle the alternative. We even avoid sports coverage that might take an objective view of our teams. (ESPN exploits this by splitting its website into local, boosterish sites like ESPNBoston.) Even on Wall Street, nobody can trust stock research anymore, thanks to an epidemic of collusion between bank analysts and sell-side brokers. Is XYZ Inc. a good bet or a lousy one? Well, if you promise to do all your investment banking business with us, it can be whatever you want. America is becoming like an untreatable paranoiac narcissist – you can't tell us anything, because we hear only the parts we like. That was Moynihan's problem: He was talking about sane people. And we ain't that anymore.

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COUNTRY STRONG
Panettiere, Charles
Esten and Britton

The Real Dirty South

With its dueling divas, 'Nashville' has nothing to do with Robert Altman and everything to do with trashy, soapy thrills By Rob Sheffield

OH, NASHVILLE: A town where "subtle" is just another word in the dictionary right next to "subplot about Powers Boothe." Nobody would argue that *Nashville* is groundbreaking.

Nashville
Wednesdays, 10 p.m., ABC

ing drama, or that it earns its myth-mongering title. But it is steeped in the prime-time narrative code of a classic Eighties soap. Connie Britton is the veteran country star trying to keep up with the new brat on the radio, Hayden Panettiere, an eye-rolling, cleavage-rocking young thing who gets about 30 seconds of screen time before her first cellphone-throwing tantrum. Looks like we got us here a cowgirl-diva bitch-off.

Nashville shares its name with the Robert Altman masterpiece, one of the defining films of the 1970s, full of great characters like the pompous country hack Haven Hamilton, who barks, "I will not tolerate rudeness in the presence of a star! Two stars!" But for-

tunately, the two stars in this *Nashville* are both actresses who leave third-degree side-eye burns all over the scenery.

Panettiere, it must be said, is shockingly good. Most of America seemed to forget her existence after *Heroes'* fast fizzle, but if Panettiere's been keeping a low celebrity profile, maybe it's because she was plotting her bitch-brat makeover. Her Juliette is a man-stealing tramp goddess in the mode of early Tanya Tucker, with similar taste in plunging necklines — obviously, like Tucker sang, her favorite color is blood red and going down. (She also has a junkie mom she keeps hidden from the public, a theme we might visit a time or two before the season is through.)

Britton's long-suffering heroine, Rayna, is trying to make a musical comeback, fight off her scheming young rival and cope with the no-good menfolk in her life. Her husband is running for mayor of Nashville (this happens to country stars all the time), and her political power-broker daddy is the magnificently oily Boothe, who was put

on Earth to make Mandy Patinkin look laid-back.

True, the story is basically Shania Twain fan fiction, except it's set in a parallel timeline where Shania kept making records long enough to become a hard-luck has-been. In a way, it's a glitzier, dishier version of Shania's reality show on the Oprah Winfrey Network, *Why Not? With Shania Twain*.

(What do you mean you didn't watch it? Whose bed have your boots been under?) But Britton hits a lot of viewers where they live, so *Nashville* will attract the *Friday Night Lights* fans who still miss their weekly date to cry over Tami Taylor's travails.

It's easy to see why the cult of Connie Britton runs so deep: She brings dignity to every role, along with a self-righteous streak that falls an inch or two on the south side of the Sarandon-to-Streep cusp, so her characters can get irksome, especially on last year's *American Horror Story*, where she got horribly humiliated week after gimp-humping week.

Nashville is a lot more honest and cynical about its soapy heart. Like the Altman movie, it's a portrait of America's mythic Music City the way it looks from L.A., depicted with a mixture of fear and more than a little envy. And like the 1975 movie, *Nashville* doesn't bother much with the sleaze or glitter of actual country music. Now as then, the celluloid soundtrack is basically squeaky-clean folk rock. This is the "Nashville" that suits L.A.'s fantasy of country music — something purer, nobler and duller than it actually is, just as Connie Britton is L.A.'s fantasy of what a country star should be. But that's also why the show would be a snooze without Panettiere trashing it up. American fantasies need a little sleaze.

SHORT TAKE

Half-Naked Justice

Arrow
Wednesdays, 8 p.m.,
the CW

Arrow combines two of America's favorite things: rich men feeling sorry for themselves and partial nudity. The CW's vigilante superhero is based on DC Comics' Green Arrow, starring Stephen Amell as Oliver Queen. He's a billionaire playboy who decides to take the law into his own hands and leave his shirt on the floor whenever possible. Five years on a desert island left him with old-school



archery skills, along with washboard abs and pert nipples. So in his secret night life, he sneaks around Starling City with his bow and arrow, avenging his father's death and taking down the most corrupt of his fellow plutocrats. *Arrow* could have been just silly fluff, but the execution is smart and intriguing. Behind all the Robin Hood derring-do, the question remains: Is the Green Arrow a righteous crusader for justice? Or just a pissed-off one-percenter?

R.S.

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[†]The Kia Optima received the highest numerical score among midsize cars in a tie in the proprietary J.D. Power and Associates 2012 Automotive Performance, Execution and Layout Study.SM Study based on responses from 74,759 new-vehicle owners, measuring 233 models and measures opinions after 90 days of ownership. Proprietary study results are based on experiences and perceptions of owners surveyed in February-May 2012. Your experiences may vary. Visit jdpower.com/Kia. Optima Hybrid quantities are limited and available only at hybrid-authorized Kia dealers. Check with your local Kia dealer. Optima SX Limited shown.

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"One Direction must call themselves that because all of their hair points in one direction." —Wolfgang Van Halen

Random Notes

Board to Run

When he's not playing four-hour shows or saving the country, Bruce Springsteen just laughs at the chilly Atlantic in October. He got in some late-season paddleboarding on the Jersey Shore. Fun fact: The E Street Band surfed a ton in their early days; Clarence Clemons even lost a front tooth catching waves in 1973.



Lesh and Weir belted the U.S. blues.



Dead, White & Blue

In San Francisco, the Grateful Dead's Bob Weir and Phil Lesh and Giants coach Tim Flannery (huh?) kicked off the team's second National League playoff game with a classic jam: "The Star-Spangled Banner." Unfortunately, Mickey Hart couldn't make it, so they had to cut the 15-minute "Drums/Space" interlude.

ROC LA FAMILIA Frank Ocean, Pharrell and Jay-Z hit the studio in New York. "I wonder how many trophies are logged in their minds," said Ocean.



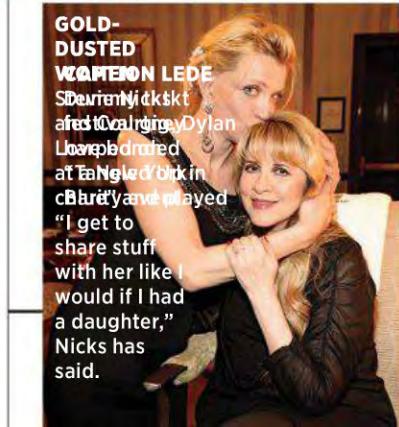
SMOKING HOT

Rihanna found love in a hookah backstage after a gig in Baku, Azerbaijan.

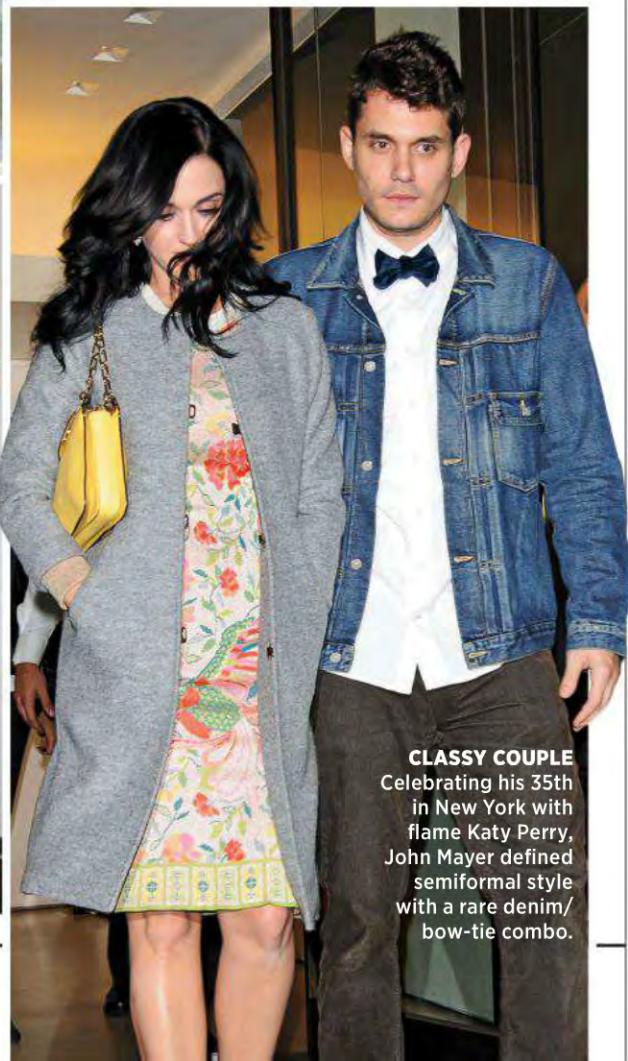


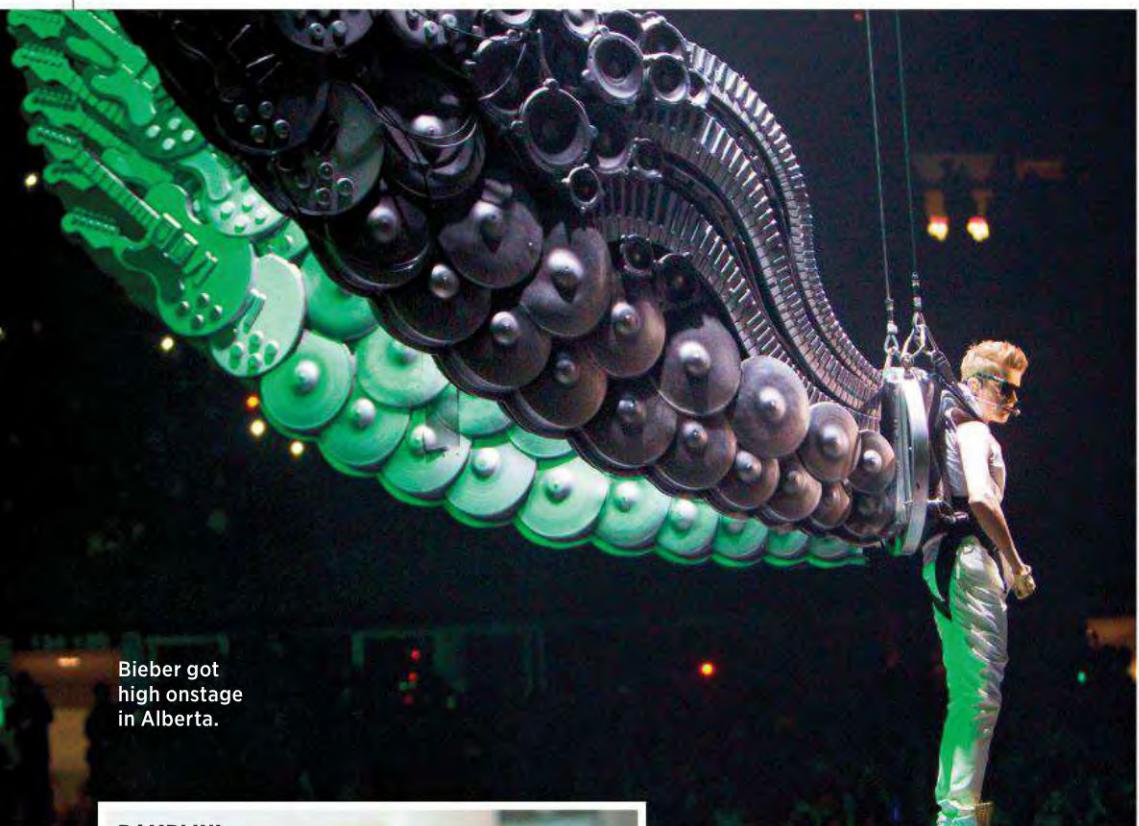
GOLD-DUSTED VACATION LEDE

Stealing backstage at Taylor Dylan
Lambert's birthday
at a New York
party, Nicks has
said, "I get to
share stuff
with her like I
would if I had
a daughter."

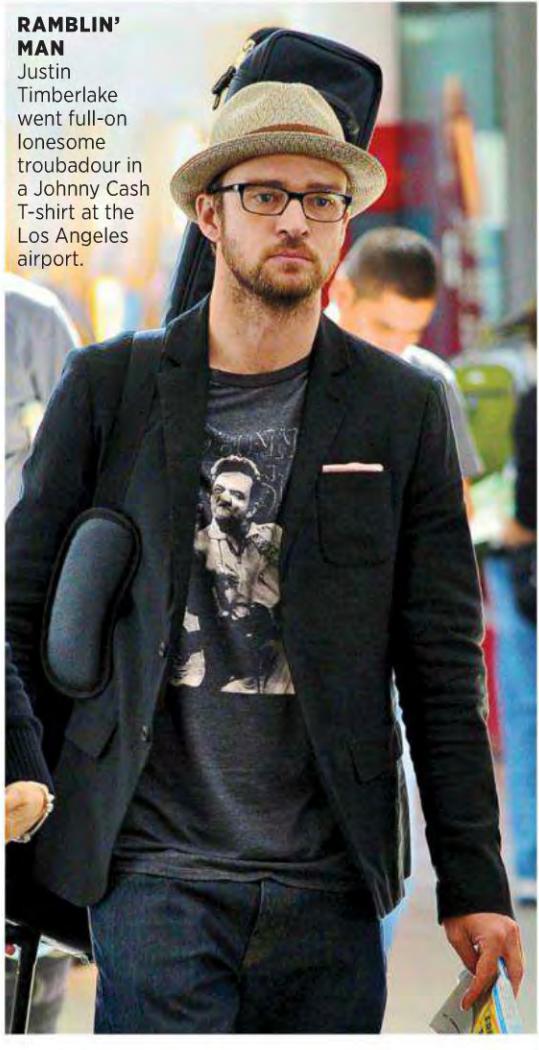


CLASSY COUPLE Celebrating his 35th in New York with flame Katy Perry, John Mayer defined semiformal style with a rare denim/bow-tie combo.



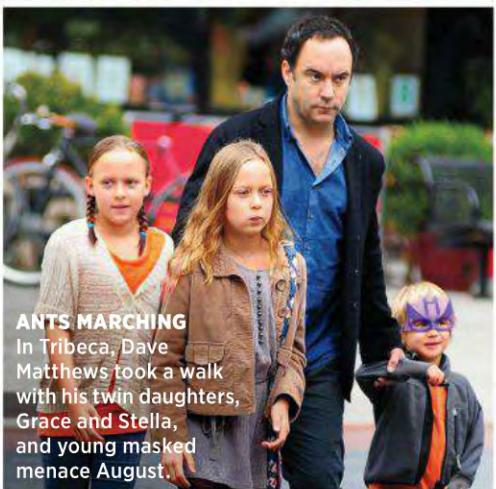


Bieber got high onstage in Alberta.



RAMBLIN' MAN

Justin Timberlake went full-on lonesome troubadour in a Johnny Cash T-shirt at the Los Angeles airport.



ANTS MARCHING

In Tribeca, Dave Matthews took a walk with his twin daughters, Grace and Stella, and young masked menace August.

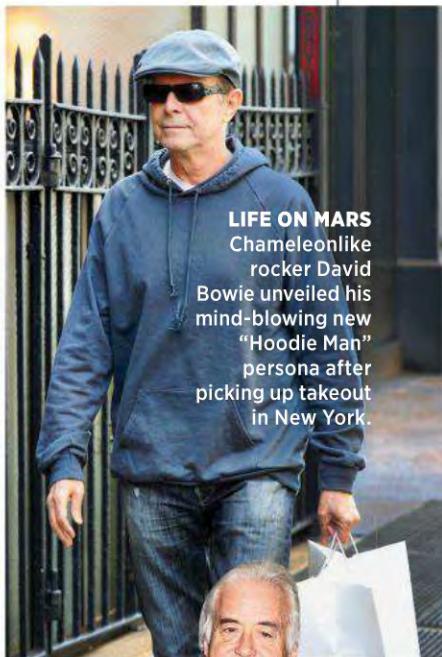


BAND OF JOY

After calling an AP reporter a "schmuck," Robert Plant showed his softer side with John Paul Jones in New York.

Flying Bieber Attack!

In a possible audition for Cirque du Soleil, Justin Bieber began his gig in Edmonton, Alberta, by descending over the crowd of 16,000 Beliebers and onto the stage wearing gigantic silver wings that looked sort of like musical instruments. "This is what I do it for!" Bieber tweeted.



LIFE ON MARS
Chameleonic rocker David Bowie unveiled his mind-blowing new "Hoodie Man" persona after picking up takeout in New York.



BLACK DOG

Jimmy Page arrived at a Tokyo airport for the Japanese premiere of Led Zeppelin's new concert movie.



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OBAMA

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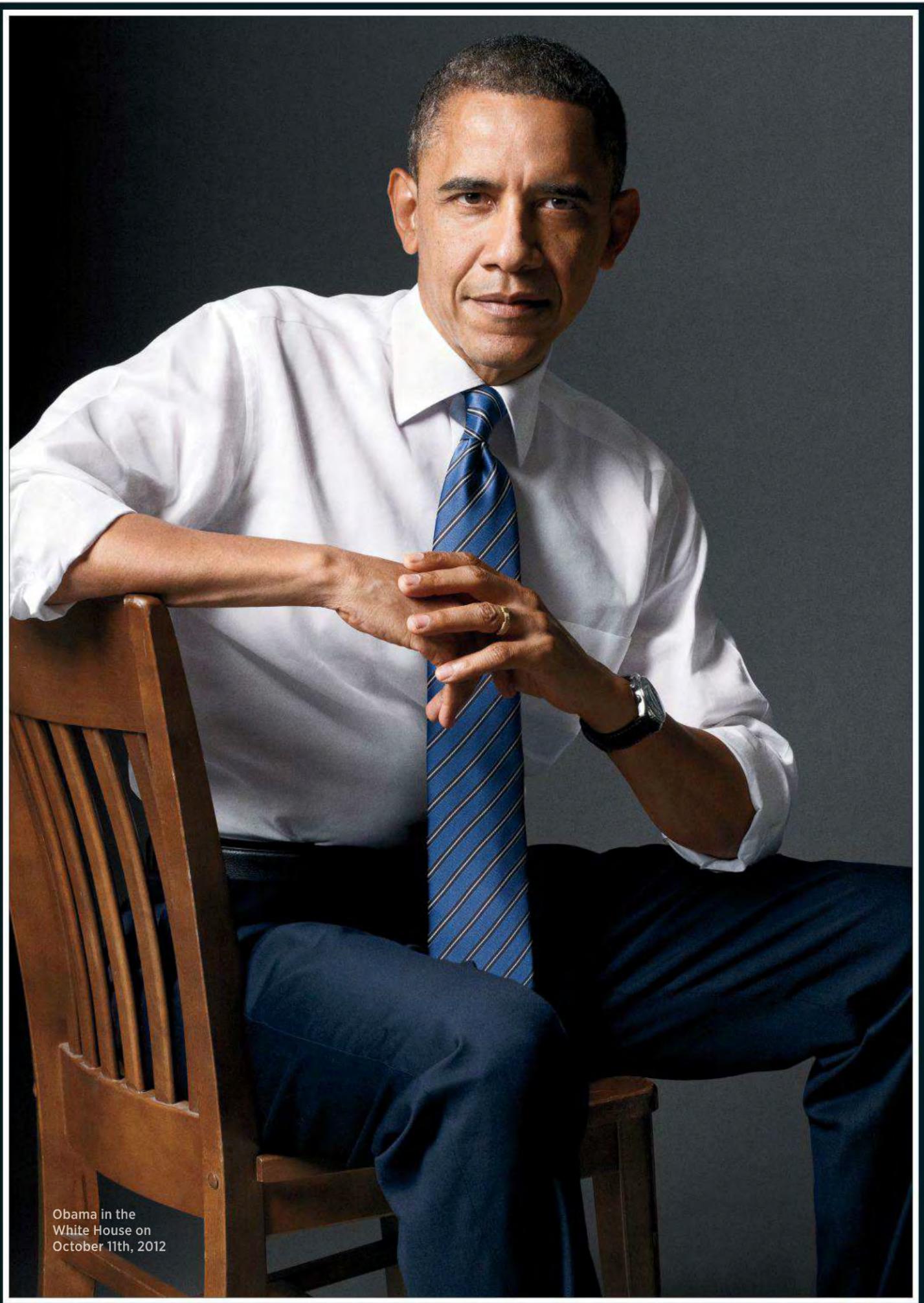
THE ROAD AHEAD

The Rolling Stone Interview

In an Oval Office conversation with a leading historian, the president discusses what he would do with a second term – and his opponent's embrace of “the most extreme positions in the Republican Party”

BY DOUGLAS BRINKLEY

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SELIGER



Obama in the
White House on
October 11th, 2012



WE ARRIVED AT THE OVAL OFFICE FOR OUR 45-MINUTE INTERVIEW with President Obama on the morning of October 11th. After our conversation ended, the president would board Air Force One for Florida, where he was slated to hold a rally at the University of Miami before watching Vice President Joe Biden debate Rep. Paul Ryan. But now, before the tape recorders were turned on, the president and I chatted for a minute about "The Bronco Buster," the Frederic Remington sculpture next to his desk that once belonged to Theodore Roosevelt. Then, as the small talk began to eat up too much time, Obama took charge. "All right," he said briskly. "Let's fire up." * Barack Obama can no longer preach the bright 2008 certitudes of "Hope and Change." He has a record to defend this time around. And, considering the lousy hand he was dealt by



FDR'S HEIR Obama firing up the faithful in Madison, Wisconsin, on October 4th

OPENING IMAGE: PRODUCED BY RUTH LEVY; PROP STYLING BY ROB STRAUSS.
THIS SPREAD: MANDEL NGAN/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

George W. Bush and an obstructionist Congress, his record of achievement, from universal health care to equal pay for women, is astonishingly solid. His excessive caution is a survival trait; at a time when the ripple and fury provoked by one off-key quip can derail a campaign for days, self-editing is the price a virtuoso must pay to go the distance in the age of YouTube.

Viewed through the lens of history, Obama represents a new type of 21st-century politician: the Progressive Firewall. Obama, simply put, is the curator-in-chief of the New Deal, the Fair Deal, the New Frontier and the Great Society. When he talks about continued subsidies for Big Bird or contraceptives for Sandra Fluke, he is the inheritor of the Progressive movement's agenda, the last line of defense that prevents America's hard-won social contract from being defunded into oblivion.

Ever since Theodore Roosevelt used executive orders to save the Grand Canyon from the zinc-copper lobbies and declared that unsanitary factories were grotesque perversions propagated by Big Money interests, the federal government has aimed

to improve the daily lives of average Americans. Woodrow Wilson followed up T.R.'s acts by creating the Federal Reserve and the Federal Trade Commission and re-establishing a federal income tax. Then, before the stock market crash in 1929, the GOP Big Three of Harding-Coolidge-Hoover made "business" the business of America, once more allowing profiteers to flourish at the expense of the vulnerable.

Enter Franklin Roosevelt, a polio victim confined to a wheelchair and leg braces. His alphabet soup of New Deal programs – the CCC and TVA and WPA – brought hope to the financially distraught, making them believe that the government was on their side. Determined to end the Great Depression, Roosevelt was a magnificent experimenter. Credit him with Social Security, legislation to protect workers, labor's right to collective bargaining, Wall Street regulation, rural electrification projects, farm-price supports, unemployment compensation and federally guaranteed bank deposits. The America we know and love today sprung directly from the New Deal.

For the next three decades, the vast majority of voters benefited from Roosevelt's revolution. And every president from FDR to Jimmy Carter, regardless of political affiliation, grabbed America by the scruff of the neck and did huge, imaginative things with tax revenues. Think Truman (the Marshall Plan), Eisenhower (the Interstate Highway System), Kennedy (the space program), Johnson (Medicaid and Medicare), Nixon (the EPA) and Carter (the departments of Energy and Education).


Viewed through the lens of history, Obama represents a new type of 21st-century politician: the Progressive Firewall.

Whether it was Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy going after the Mob or LBJ laying the groundwork for PBS, citizens took comfort in the knowledge that the executive branch was a caring iron fist with watchdog instincts that got things done.

It was the election of Ronald Reagan that started the Grand Reversal. Reagan had voted four times for FDR, but by 1980 he saw the federal government – with the notable exception of our armed forces – as a bloated, black-hatted villain straight out of one of his B movies. His revolution – and make no mistake that it was one – aimed to undo everything from Medicare to *Roe v. Wade*. Ever since Reagan, both the New Deal and the Great Society have been under continuous siege by the American right. Bill Clinton survived two terms only by co-opting traditional GOP issues like welfare reform and balanced budgets. Unlike Clinton, Obama must hold tighter to the Progressive movement's reins. There are no more moderate Republicans left in Congress to do business with; today's GOP conservatives want to roll back, not reform. Having brought Obamacare this far, the president must find a way to close the deal in his second term.

Paul Nitze, the foreign-policy guru of the Truman administration, once told me that the problem with historians like myself is that we're always hunting for a cache of documents to analyze. What our ilk tends to forget, he chided, is that *in-action* is also policy. Under this criterion, Obama must also be judged by the things he *won't* allow to happen on his watch: Wall Street thieving, Bush-style fiscal irresponsibility, a new war in the Middle East, the reversal of *Roe v. Wade*, the dismantling of Medicare into a voucher program – the list is long.

The offense-driven, Yes-We-Can candidate of 2008 has become the No-You-Won't defensive champion of 2012. Obama has less a grand plan to get America working than a NO TRESPASSING sign to prevent 100 years of progressive accomplishments from being swept away, courtesy of Team Romney, in a Katrina-like deluge of anti-regulatory measures.

No wonder the right has such a gleam of hatred for Obama – he is the roadblock to their revolution. The conservative movement, however, has a crippling problem: If they can't beat Obama with a 7.8 percent unemployment rate, then how can they hope to derail Hillary Clinton in 2016 when presumably that number will be substantially lower?

If Obama wins re-election, his domestic agenda will be anchored around a guarantee to all Americans that civil rights, Social Security, Medicare, Medicaid, affordable health care, public education, clean air and water, and a woman's right to choose will be protected, no matter how poorly the economy performs. Obama has grappled with two of the last puzzle pieces of the Progressive agenda – health care and gay rights – with success. If he is re-elected in November and makes his health care program permanent, it will take root in the history books as a seminal achievement. If he loses, Romney and Ryan will crush his initiatives without remorse.

The main goal of Obama's second term, besides driving down unemployment, will likely be the conversion to clean energy. While Obama doesn't wear an *Inconvenient Truth* T-shirt, he nevertheless understands that environmentalism makes for good business in the 21st century. The high seas and savage winds of fossil-fuel abuse are upon us. Obama has made clear that addressing climate change is the issue of most long-term consequence facing not only America but human civilization itself. "I will not walk away from the promise of clean energy," he declared in his State of the Union address this year. "I will not cede the wind or solar or battery industry to China or Germany because we refuse to make the same commitment here. We have subsidized oil companies for a century. That's long enough." When Obama was prepping in Nevada for his first debate with Mitt Romney, he took a break to tour the Hoover Dam. Critics scoffed at the trip, but a second-term Obama presidency seems poised to build a clean-energy grid in the same infrastructure-driven vein as the New Deal's dams and road projects. Why not take advantage of proximity to learn about how thousands of workers were paid to build the towering dam, which continues to protect the Southwest from flood damage and irrigate thousands of acres of farmland, all while providing low-cost power to California, Arizona and Nevada?

Every so often I see CNN flash the Electoral College map on my TV screen, and some wizard pollster describes a convoluted formula, a running of the tables, in which Romney becomes president without winning Ohio. He probably can't. Shortly after Obama was elected, he provided U.S. auto manufacturers with \$62 billion in emergency aid. The federal government, in essence, became the principal stockholder of General Motors (it still holds 500 million shares). Romney not only disagreed

Presidential historian DOUGLAS BRINKLEY, a professor at Rice University, has written books on Teddy Roosevelt, FDR, Gerald Ford, Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan. His latest biography is "Cronkite." He profiled Bob Dylan in RS 1078.

with Obama's decision but wrote perhaps the dumbest op-ed in American campaign history, titled "Let Detroit Go Bankrupt." Theodore Roosevelt came to the rescue of San Francisco after the Great Earthquake of 1906 and George W. Bush helped rebuild New York City in the wake of the 9/11 terrorist attacks, but Romney wanted to pull the plug on the Rust Belt as it struggled to jump-start its troubled economy. Thanks to the Obama bailout, which saved the auto industry, unemployment in Ohio stands at 7.2 percent, well below the national average. They should erect statues of Obama in Toledo and Akron. Name a boulevard after him in Dayton and Elyria. Without the bailout money, GM and Chrysler likely would have gone bankrupt, and many Ohio towns would have become Hoovervilles.

Over the summer, I brought my wife and kids to an Obama rally in the Ohio town of Maumee, not far from where I grew up. The president delivered a speech about how bailing out GM and Chrysler saved thousands of jobs in Ohio. When he started working the rope line, two young African-American girls began squealing with joy. Playing the good Samaritan, I escorted them to the front of the line so they would be sure to meet the president. The younger girl asked Obama to sign her T-shirt with a Sharpie.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Eleven."

He gladly obliged.

The older girl had the same request. Obama, however, eyed her with warm parental disapproval. "How old are you?" he asked.

"Fourteen," she replied. The same age as Malia Obama.

"Oh, no," the president said with a broad smile, crouching down to make eye contact. "You're too old to have someone writing on your clothes. Do you understand? That's a nice shirt you have. Take care of it. I'll give you a fist-bump instead."

It was a wonderful moment to witness. This wasn't a president who merely kissed babies for votes. Even though the commotion all around him was louder than a Sousa band, Obama was able to differentiate the ages of the two girls, and then offer the

older one a lesson about being a young woman and having self-respect.

I was reminded of this incident when our interview with the president ended. As we left the Oval Office, executive editor Eric Bates told Obama that he had asked his six-year-old if there was anything she wanted him to say to the president. After a thoughtful pause, she said, "Tell him: You can do it."

Obama grinned. "That's the only advice I need," he said. "I do very well, by the way, in that demographic. Ages six to 12? I'm a killer."

"Thought about lowering the voting age?" Bates joked.

"You know, kids have good instincts," Obama offered. "They look at the other guy and say, 'Well, that's a bullshitter, I can tell.'"

Let's start with how the campaign has been going. Ever since the first debate, Romney has abruptly shifted his position on a whole host of issues, from his tax plan to financial regulation.

He made a strong sales pitch for what I think are really wrongheaded plans. But the facts haven't changed. The fundamentals haven't changed. The essence of this race is, "Do we have an economy that is building on all the work we've done


***'He knows the American people
aren't buying what he's selling.
So they had to figure out, Is there
some way we can fuzz up what
we've been proposing?'***



44 & 42 "I'm talking to him regularly," Obama says of Bill Clinton. "He's given me good advice."

over the last four years – an economy where we're focused on growing a strong, vibrant middle class, where we're focused on creating a strong manufacturing base here in the United States, where we are continuing to cut our imports of foreign oil, not only by developing homegrown oil and gas, but also by making sure that we are developing and taking leadership in clean energy? Are we going to continue to make investments in education that ensure that every kid in America has a shot at success if they're willing to work hard? Are we going to reduce our deficit in a way that's balanced and allows us to continue to make the investments that help us to grow?" That's what I'm putting forward.

What Governor Romney's putting forward is a return to the very same policies that got us into this mess in the first place: tax cuts skewed toward the wealthy and rollbacks of regulations that we fought very hard against lobbyists and special interests to put in place, to make sure that we don't have taxpayer-funded bailouts, to make sure that insurance companies aren't taking advantage of folks who need health care, to make sure that we have a strong consumer advocate in place to protect people from unscrupulous lenders.

So what I'm absolutely sure about is that we've got the better argument. And Governor Romney understands that. It's the reason why, after a year and a half of campaigning on plans that very clearly were going to involve \$5 trillion worth of tax cuts, he's trying to fog up the issues, because he knows that the American people aren't buying what he's selling.

Many observers have commented on how Romney has misrepresented or even changed his positions in this last leg of the campaign – that he's been like a chameleon on plaid. Do you feel that he has lied to the American people?

What I think happened is that we won the battle of ideas during the course of the last year. His argument for a \$5 trillion tax cut skewed toward the wealthy – which would necessarily involve either blowing up the deficit or increasing taxes on middle-class families – is not a recipe for growth. It won't create jobs, it won't reduce the deficit, and the American people understand that. So two weeks ago, or three weeks ago, they had to figure out, "Is there some way that we can fuzz up what we've been proposing?" In the first debate, he made as good a presentation as he could on what is a fundamentally flawed economic theory. What we're going to be focused on is making certain that he has to answer for those theories – ones that will not be good for the middle class and won't grow the economy long term.

But understand, there's no doubt that what he has campaigned on for the last year is what he believes, because we've seen it before. We saw it when he was the governor of Massachusetts: His efforts to balance the budget involved raising taxes and fees on middle-class families, even as wealthy families were getting tax breaks, gutting investments in education and forcing costs down to local school districts and local communities. We saw it in how he answered a question on *60 Minutes* as recently as two weeks ago, when he said he thought it was fair for someone like him, who's making \$20 million a year, to pay a lower tax rate than a teacher or bus driver making \$50,000 a year. His basic theory is that if folks at the top are doing well and are unencumbered, that prosperity will rain down on everybody else, because they'll make better decisions about allocating capital.

I've got a different theory. I believe that when middle-class families are doing well – they've got money in their pockets, they're getting decent wages, they've got some health care security – then we all do better. Because those are customers who are buying goods and services, so businesses do better. It goes back to what Henry Ford understood when he decided to pay higher wages to his workers: that meant those workers on the assembly line making those Model T's could end up buying those cars. That's how we grew a middle class.

So more than anything, our task over the next four weeks is just to lay bare just what these economic choices are. The American people are going to understand which choice is better for them and what is going to be better for the country as a whole.

Where were you when you first saw Romney's speech in Boca Raton about the 47 percent? What was your first reaction?

We were out campaigning. I don't remember which state we were in – probably Ohio. [Laughs] Since we've been there so often, the odds are, it was probably Ohio.

It took a while before we actually saw the full transcript of what he said. I think it was pretty surprising. It's an indication of a story that Republicans have been telling themselves for a while, at least a sizable portion – that somehow, half the country consider themselves victims and want to be dependent on government. Obviously, he was wrong on the facts, since the overwhelming majority of that 47 percent are either folks that are working every day and paying all kinds of taxes but just don't earn enough money to pay income tax; or are senior citizens who worked all their lives and did everything right so they could count on some sense of security as they got older; or they are veterans who have sacrificed for our country, or soldiers

who are sacrificing as we speak on behalf of our country. But that sense that folks who have contributed to this country but are at the lower ends of the income scale are somehow looking for government to do something for them, or feel some sense of entitlement, is just fundamentally wrong. It doesn't jive with what I see as I travel across the country every day.

Are there people who, both at the top and the bottom, aren't pulling their weight and are looking for a special deal? Sure. But as was pointed out when this controversy erupted, there are a whole bunch of millionaires who aren't paying any income tax, as well as people at the lower end of the income spectrum who may be taking advantage of the safety net that we've put in place. We should hold everybody accountable who's not doing their fair share. That's what the American people believe: They don't like bailouts, they don't like handouts, but they do understand that we have to have a government that ensures that if somebody is working hard and carrying out their responsibilities, that they can succeed and that they can give the prospects of a better life to their kids and their grandkids.



HOOP DREAMS
Obama at a family farm in Iowa in August

What has surprised you the most about the Republican campaign this year?

What was interesting was the degree to which Governor Romney was willing to embrace the most extreme positions in the Republican Party: on immigration, on environmental issues, on women's issues and on the economy. Frankly, I think that's telling when you start thinking about the presidency. If you can't say no to certain elements of your party, if you don't have sets of principles that you're willing to fight for, even if they're not politically convenient, then you're gonna have a tough time in this office.

It was only at a point where it was determined that the American people had soundly rejected those views that you started seeing him try to fuzz up those positions. But they remain his positions. He continues to believe, when it comes to immigration, that the Arizona law is a model for the nation, and that self-deportation is the answer. When it comes to women's health issues, he continues to believe that *Roe v. Wade* should be overturned. He would be supportive of a constitutional amendment overturning a woman's right to choose, would eliminate funding for Planned Parenthood, is supportive of legislation that would allow employers to make determinations as to whether women could get contraception through their insurance companies.

Four weeks out from an election, you can't hide from positions that ultimately are out of sync with how the majority of Americans think. I guarantee if you talk to not just Democratic women, but a whole bunch of Republican and Independent women, they will tell you they're very capable of making their own health care decisions. If you have a chance to meet these Dream Act kids, some of whom were brought here when they were two or three or five, and are American in every sense, except for their papers – love this country, have pledged allegiance to this flag, want to contribute – then you would reject the idea that somehow they should be deported to some country where they've never been. But those are Governor Romney's positions, and we gotta make sure that the American people understand those positions.

Do you have any fear that "Roe v. Wade" could be overturned if the Republicans win the presidency and appoint another Supreme Court justice?

I don't think there's any doubt. Governor Romney has made clear that his position. His running mate has made this one of the central principles of his public life. Typically, a president is going to have one or two Supreme Court nominees during the course of his presidency, and we know that the current Supreme Court has at least four members who would overturn *Roe v. Wade*. All it takes is one more for that to happen.

How do you feel about Justice Roberts' ruling on the Affordable Care Act? Were you surprised?

I wasn't surprised. I was always confident that the Affordable Care Act, a.k.a. Obamacare, was constitutional. It was interesting to see them, or Justice Roberts in particular, take the approach that this was constitutional under the taxing power. The truth is that if you look at the precedents dating back to the 1930s, this was clearly constitutional under the Commerce Clause. I think Justice Roberts made a decision that allowed him to preserve the law but allowed him to keep in reserve the desire, maybe, to scale back Congress' power under the Commerce Clause in future cases.

What made you so certain that the law was constitutional?

It's hard to dispute that health care is a national issue of massive importance. It takes up 17 or 18 percent of our entire economy; it touches on everybody's lives; it is a massive burden on businesses, on our federal budget and on families. It's practiced across state lines. So the notion that Congress could not take a comprehensive approach to that problem the way we have makes no sense.

I am very proud of the steps we've taken already: making sure that insurance companies can't impose lifetime limits that could leave families high and dry if somebody gets a severe illness. Parents being able to keep their kids on their own plans until they're 26 years old. The rebates that are already going out to customers because we've said to insurance companies that you've got to spend the dollars you collect in premiums on actually providing care, not just on overhead and CEO salaries. The \$600 a year that seniors are saving on their prescription drugs. The tax breaks we're providing small businesses in order to provide health insurance for their families. The cost-control measures that are trying to develop better ways of providing care. All those things are already happening. By 2014, people who have pre-existing conditions or individuals who are paying 18 or 20 percent more for health insurance than somebody on a big group plan – they're going to have a chance to get affordable care, and we'll provide tax credits to the folks who need it.



**"WHAT IS A VOTE
IF IT ISN'T AN
EXPRESSION OF
HOPE?"**

- Lawrence O'Donnell

LEAN FORWARD

LAWRENCE O'DONNELL, msnbc host

msnbc

So this is a model that we know can work. It's working in Massachusetts right now - you have 98 percent of adults and 99.5 percent of kids in Massachusetts with health insurance. For the greatest nation on Earth not to make sure that people aren't going bankrupt when they get sick - that was a blot on our society. And for us to take this step forward is something that is really going to make a big difference for millions of families for decades to come. It also gives us our best opportunity to start really going after the waste and inefficiencies of the system, so that we can start cutting back on the health care inflation that is driving our deficit and hurting families and businesses every single day.

You said, "a.k.a. Obamacare." Do you mind if historians call the achievement Obamacare?

I'll be very proud. Because I'm confident that I'm going to win this election, and that we're going to implement it over the next four years. Just like Medicare and Social Security, as time goes on, as people see what it does, as it gets refined and improved, people will say, "This was the last piece to our basic social compact" - providing people with some core security from the financial burdens of an illness or bad luck.

You sometimes use the term "fair shake." FDR had the New Deal, Lyndon Johnson had the Great Society. Is the Fair Shake something you'd be comfortable with to describe your legacy?

I'd be comfortable with that, and hearing it from a historian, it sounds pretty good to me.

But look, the key thing I've tried to communicate, and I will continue to try to communicate to the American people, is that when you talk about economic fairness, it's not just an issue of fairness - it's also an issue of growth. It's how the economy succeeds. Republicans, and certainly Mitt Romney, often tries to frame this as "Obama's a redistributionist, whereas we want to grow the pie instead of taking from Peter to pay Paul." But look at our history: When we've been successful, it's because everybody is in on the action. Everybody feels a sense of ownership, because everybody is benefitting from rising productivity, everybody is benefitting from a growing economy. When prosperity is broad-based, it is stable, it is steady, it is robust.

But when you have just a few people at the very top benefitting from what we do together as an economy, then growth gets constrained. On one end, you've got a lot of money in the hands of a very few people who are speculating and engaging in a lot of financial transactions that can get our economy in trouble. We saw that in 2007 and 2008. On the other end, you've got middle-income people and low-income people who are overextended, taking on too much debt, and that can create problems. You don't have enough customers to buy the products and services that are being produced, so businesses then pull back and you get into a negative cycle. When the opposite is the case, you get into a virtuous cycle, and that's what we're constantly trying to push.

The success we've had, although we've got a long way to go, is based on making sure that everybody feels they've got a stake in the system. Look at what happened in the auto industry: You've got management and workers coming together, everybody making some sacrifices. Suddenly, what was an industry on the brink of collapse is now resurgent. GM's on top again, Chrysler is making profits like it hasn't made before, all the supplier chains that employ people all across the Midwest

are benefitting. And that model, I think, is one that the American people instinctively get.

The auto bailout helped rescue states like Ohio from economic disaster. What, in turn, have you learned from the people of Ohio during your many visits to the state?

They just want to work hard, but they want to make sure that hard work is rewarded. When you go into these auto plants, you get folks who not only have been working at the plant for 15 years, their dad worked at the plant, sometimes their grandfather worked at the plant. It's not just a paycheck for them - they really take great pride in making great products, making a great car. One plant we went to, a bunch of workers had just won the lottery, and they were still showing up to work every single day. One of them had bought his wife one of the cars he had made, for her birthday, and he had bought flags for his entire town, because he was proud of his country and there was no place he'd rather be. That's what you see in Ohio, that's what you see across the country. People want to work hard, they want to feel like they're contributing, they want to feel like they're helping to build the country. All they want is just a chance.

Have you ever read Ayn Rand?

Sure.

What do you think Paul Ryan's obsession with her work would mean if he were vice president?

Well, you'd have to ask Paul Ryan what that means to him. Ayn Rand is one of those things that a lot of us, when we were 17 or 18 and feeling misunderstood, we'd pick up.

Then, as we get older, we realize that a world in which we're only thinking about ourselves and not thinking about anybody else, in which we're considering the entire project of developing ourselves as more important than our relationships to other people and making sure that everybody else has opportunity - that that's a pretty narrow vision. It's not one that, I think, describes what's best in America. Unfortunately, it does seem as if sometimes that vision of a "you're on your own" society has consumed a big chunk of the Republican Party.

Of course, that's not the Republican tradition. I made this point in the first debate. You look at Abraham Lincoln: He very much believed in self-sufficiency and self-reliance. He embodied it - that you work hard and you make it, that your efforts should take you as far as your dreams can take you. But he also understood that there's some things we do better together. That we make investments in our infrastructure and railroads and canals and land-grant colleges and the National Academy of Sciences, because that provides us all with an opportunity to fulfill our potential, and we'll all be better off as a consequence. He also had a sense of deep, profound empathy, a sense of the intrinsic worth of every individual, which led him to his opposition to slavery and ultimately to signing the Emancipation Proclamation. That view of life - as one in which we're all connected, as opposed to all isolated and looking out only for ourselves - that's a view that has made America great and allowed us to stitch together a sense of national identity out of all these different immigrant groups who have come here in waves throughout our history.

If Americans re-elect you, what will be different in your second term? What is your plan to avoid four more years of gridlock?

It's important for people to understand how much we've gotten done, because sometimes folks obsess with gridlock and the

**"The current Supreme Court
has at least four members who
would overturn Roe v. Wade.
All it takes is one more for
that to happen."**

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ugliness of the process here in Washington. We passed health care – something that presidents have tried to do for 100 years, and we will implement it. We passed the toughest Wall Street reform since the 1930s, and we will implement it and continue to strengthen it. We have put in place a Consumer Finance Protection Agency that's going to be an ongoing advocate for every American out there who is involved in a financial transaction, saving people billions of dollars. We have expanded access to college through the Pell Grant program and by keeping student loans low. The list of things that we've accomplished, even once the Republicans took over, is significant.

Now, there are some things that are undone. We are going to have to get a handle on our deficit and debt, but we need to do it in a balanced way that doesn't simply stick it to middle-class families. I'm confident we can get that accomplished, in part, because the Bush tax cuts lapse at the end of this year, and we'll have a showdown about how we're going to fund the government that we need to grow in a sensible way, in a balanced way. Immigration reform I believe we'll get done, because the Republican Party will start recognizing that alienating the fastest-growing segments of our society is probably not good politics for them – not to mention the fact that immigration reform is the right thing to do.

On energy and climate change, we will continue to develop oil and natural-gas resources, but we'll build off the work we've done, doubling fuel-efficiency standards on cars and doubling the investment we've made in clean energy. There's a huge opportunity for us to focus on energy efficiency in our buildings, in our schools and in our residences. If we can make our economy as energy efficient as Japan, say, we would be cutting our greenhouse emissions by 20 percent and saving consumers billions of dollars every single year. And by the way, we can put a whole bunch of construction workers back to work in the process.

Internationally, having ended the war in Iraq, I am now committed to ending the war in Afghanistan by 2014. Doing that in a responsible way will have a huge impact, because we're also going to be able to take the money we've saved on war to do some nation-building here at home.

We're going to have a full agenda in the second four years, but people shouldn't underestimate how much we can get done. Obviously, I'd love to see a shift in Congress where we are electing people who are less interested in the next election and obstruction and are more interested in getting stuff done. And that's true whether it's Republicans or Democrats. I just want to make sure that there are people who have some sense of service toward their constituencies.

Forget for a moment about obstruction by Wall Street lobbyists and Republicans in Congress. If you could single-handedly enact one piece of regulation on the financial industry, what would it be?

The story of Dodd-Frank is not yet complete, because the rules are still being developed. Dodd-Frank provided a platform to make sure that we end some of the most egregious practices and prevent another taxpayer-funded bailout. We've significantly increased capital requirements and essentially created a wind-down mechanism for institutions that make bad bets, so the whole system isn't held hostage to them going under. We have to make sure that the rules issued around the Volcker Rule are actually enforced. So there's a lot of good work that will be done around Dodd-Frank.

I've looked at some of ROLLING STONE's articles that say, "This didn't go far enough, we didn't institute Glass-Steagall" and so forth, and I pushed my economic team very hard on some of those questions. But there is not evidence that having Glass-Steagall in place would somehow change the dynamic. Lehman Brothers wasn't a commercial bank, it was an investment bank. AIG wasn't an FDIC-insured bank, it was an insurance institution. So the problem in today's financial sector can't be solved simply by reimposing models that were created in the 1930s.

I will tell you, the single biggest thing that I would like to see is changing incentives on Wall Street and how people get compensated. That ultimately requires not just congressional legislation but a change in corporate governance. You still have a situation where people making bets can get a huge upside, and their downsides are limited. So it tilts the whole system in favor of very risky behavior. I think a legitimate concern, even after Dodd-Frank, is, "Have we completely changed those incentives?"

When investment banks, for example, were partnerships, as opposed to corporations, all those partners understood that if there was some tail risk out there – some unanticipated event that might result in the whole firm blowing up – that they were going to lose all their money, they were going to lose all their assets. They weren't protected. These days, you've got guys who are making five years of risky bets, but it's making them \$100 million every year. By the time the chicken comes home to roost, they're still way ahead of the game. So I think it's something that

needs to be discussed. But that's not something that can entirely be legislated – that's something that also has to involve shareholders and boards of directors being better stewards of their institutions.

Bill Clinton – how important is he as a surrogate for you? What's your friendship with him like these days?

Our relationship is terrific. He did a masterful job, obviously, at the convention. He has been a tireless surrogate on our behalf. I'm talking to him regularly, and he's given me good advice. Not only is he a great politician, but he's also somebody who has a lot of credibility with the public when it comes to how the economy works. Because the last time we had healthy, broad-based growth was when he was president, and people remember that. So he can say things that people immediately grab on to. And one of the things he said during the convention that I thought was very helpful was to put this whole economic crisis in context.

The biggest challenge we've always had is that unlike FDR – who came into office when the economy had already bottomed out, so people understood that everything done subsequent to his election was making things better – I came in just as we were sliding. Because of the actions we took, we averted a Great Depression – but in the process, we also muddied up the political narrative, because it allowed somebody like Romney to somehow blame my policies for the mess that the previous administration created. Bill Clinton can point that out in ways that are really helpful and really powerful.

Halloween's coming up. If you could have Mitt Romney dress in a costume, what should he be for Halloween?

I don't know about this Halloween. Next Halloween I hope he'll be an ex-presidential candidate.

**“We averted a Great Depression,
but it muddied up the narrative.
It allowed Romney to blame
me for the mess the previous
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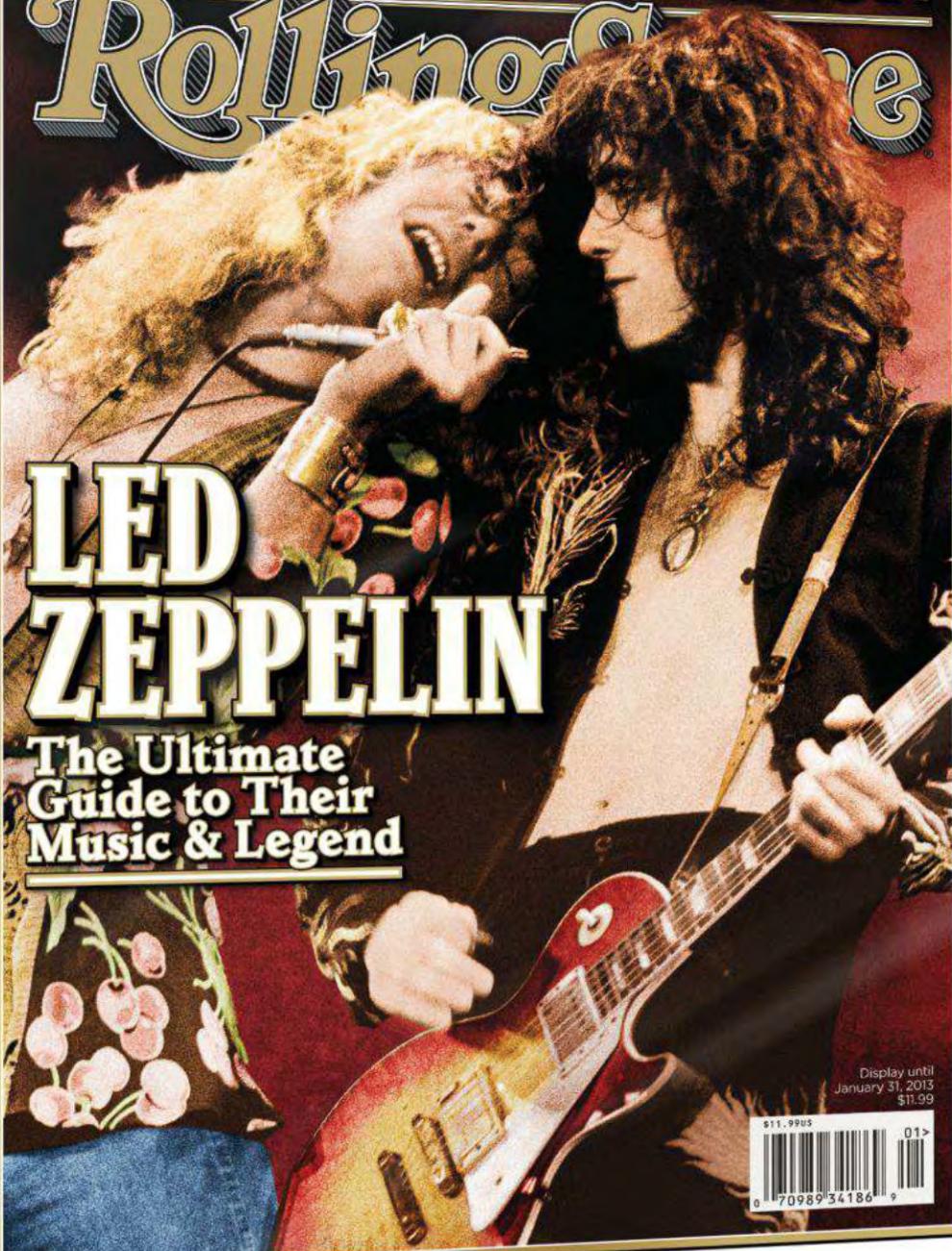
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A League of His Own

Tom Hanks can crack jokes in line for the men's room, and then go out and inaugurate a president. A day in the life of an American icon **By Josh Eells**

TOM HANKS HAS A PROBLEM WITH HIS DRESSING room. ¶ The two-time Oscar winner and generally agreed-upon national treasure has just arrived backstage at UCLA's Freud Playhouse, dragging a duffel bag in each hand with his wife, Rita Wilson, trailing behind. (Wilson's wearing a neck brace, for some reason.) It's been 35 years since Hanks made a living in a place like the Freud – a 567-seat theater whose last big show was a student production of *A Chorus Line* – and though he has a reputation as a down-to-earth, easygoing guy, he's also,

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM JONES



at this point, used to a certain level of comfort – something befitting his station as a man who dines with prime ministers and breakfasts with presidents. So when he sees the piece of computer paper taped to the door of the cramped dressing room he and Wilson are supposed to share, and frowns, the look on his face says there's a problem.

When he locates a PA, Hanks doesn't beat around the bush. "Hey, this dressing room," he says, still holding his bags. "We don't need our own. Give that to somebody else! We can split up – boys and girls." Then, a mischievous smile: "You know – her with the boys, me with the girls."

What? You thought he was going to complain? Come on! This is Tom Hanks. The Nicest Guy in Showbiz. Mr. America's Sweetheart. You could probably put him in the Staples Center men's room and he'd spend the next three hours passing out paper towels. Yes, he recently made headlines at the Toronto International Film Festival when, during a press conference for his new movie *Cloud Atlas*, the centuries-spanning sci-fi epic from the directors of *The Matrix*, he sniped at organizers for [running their] "celebrities through a pen like we're bulls on the way to slaughter." But when a guy has a rep as such an all-consuming mensch that a minor gripe like that qualifies as a scandal, he's probably a stand-up dude.

Hanks' rise to stardom has been pretty remarkable, when you think about it. It's been often observed that he's a throwback – a Norman Rockwell type who uses words like "kooky" and "holy smokes" and would be right at home in a Frank Capra film. But over the past decade or so, he's also become our de facto national consciousness, the cool history professor who tells us stories about who we imagine ourselves to be. He's gone from being the guy you want to hang out with at the cocktail party to a bona fide American icon (whom you want to hang out with at the cocktail party).

Hanks came of age during the turbulent Sixties, and he responded not by becoming cynical about America but by embracing it. He's a city-on-a-hill kind of a guy – earnest, and without skepticism. He makes films – ones he stars in (the war ones, the space ones) and ones he produces (the war ones, the space ones) – that speak to our past, our future, our best natures. He takes this role very seriously. One of the few bumpy moments in his otherwise un-bumpy career came when Hanks slammed the proponents of California's anti-gay-marriage Proposition 8 as "un-American" – an accusation that, for him, sounded like

The Mayor of Hollywood

Tom Hanks is the rare A-lister who is genuinely comfortable with being famous. (1) Smooching wife Rita Wilson at a Lakers game in L.A. in 2004. (2) His sophomore-year high school photo, 1972. (3) At the *Cloud Atlas* premiere in Toronto.



the worst criticism he could possibly imagine. Even when he walked it back later, admitting that "nothing could be more American" than voting your conscience, implicit in his apology was the heartfelt notion that American values were worth striving for.

"I think it's a damn fine nation, without a doubt," Hanks says. "I don't feel responsible to go off and promote some kind of rah-rah American agenda. But there's something about the will and the perseverance and the willingness to get it done that only Americans can do. That's not jingoistic, and it doesn't make us better than anybody else – but when Americans put their minds to it, stuff happens."

Hanks is at UCLA today to do a benefit for the Shakespeare Center of Los Angeles, a nonprofit run by his friend Ben Donenberg. Each year, he and Wilson wrangle a dozen of their actor pals – Billy Crystal, Martin Short, William Shatner – and put on one of the Bard's comedies. This year it's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which they're doing as a psychedelic Sixties musical with lots of tie-dye and boomer songs. They meet up around lunchtime, do a table read and one dress rehearsal, and then perform a few hours later for people who have paid up to \$1,000 per ticket – the wackier and more screwed-up, the better. "The whole message is, this is not medicine," Hanks says. "You do not have to work at this. I called up Tony Hopkins to do it one year, and he said" – here Hanks

slips into a perfect patrician Anthony Hopkins accent – "Look, I'm asked to do this all the time, and it's absolutely dreary. It's a hideous occasion with a bunch of snooty people." And I said, 'Tony – we rip it up! We play everything for maximum laughs.' And he said, 'Oh, all right. That sounds like fun!'

Dressing-room situation sorted, Hanks heads off to catering to get some coffee. He's drinking it with honey these days, because he's trying to cut out sugar. "I ran into Alec Baldwin, who looks fabulous, and said, 'Dude, your health is so fantastic!' And he said" – cut to a perfect raspy Baldwin growl – "Yeah. White sugar. I'm staying away from white sugar as much as I can. You get into your mid-fifties and you find out you have high blood sugar, and you say, 'What the fuck? Me? No.' But, yeah!"

Hanks is 56 and still looks like a movie star – not bad for a guy who once described himself as having "a big ass and fat thighs... a goofy-looking nose, ears that hang down, eyes that make me look like I'm part Chinese and... a gut I've got to keep watching." As he sits outside in a blue polo, Levi's and brown work boots, the least-becoming thing on him is his new mustache – a thin, John Waters-y number that he can't stop touching, as if he's worried about it coming off. "Crappy little mustache," Hanks says. He's growing it for his next role, as Walt Disney. "And much

Contributing editor JOSH EELLS wrote the Rick Ross cover story in RS 1164.

like Disneyland," he says, "my mustache will never be finished."

"Look at this stud!" shouts Cedric the Entertainer, who just showed up.

"Hey, man!" says Hanks. "You good? I'm so glad you're here. Thanks for coming through."

"Yeah," says Cedric hesitantly. It's his first time doing this. "It's fun, right?"

"Oh, it'll be a blast."

"Because I don't know any Shakespeare." Hanks smiles. "That's going to be a plus."

It's obvious why Hanks is sometimes called the Mayor of Hollywood. He loves glad-handing, gabbing, shooting the shit. Meg Ryan once said that if she ever had to wait in a long line, he's the guy she'd want next to her. Once, at the Oscars, his walk-on music was "Hail to the Chief," but Hanks says he's more like the vice principal crossed with the class clown. "I'm, like, in charge of wisecracks," he says. "I'm the guy who'll sit you down in the cafeteria and say, 'You know what would be great? If the jazz band and the orchestra could get along.' And next thing you know, the problem is solved."

A few minutes later, Hanks heads to the bathroom to take a piss. It's not as epic a piss as the 49-second monster he took in *A League of Their Own*, or as painful as the one he took with the urinary-tract infection in *The Green Mile*, or as intergalactic as the zero-gravity one he shot into space in *Apollo 13*, or even as urgent as the one he had to take in *Forrest Gump* after chugging all those Dr Peppers at JFK's White House party. But it's an impressive piss nonetheless, a real workmanlike, everyman kind of piss that's only slightly lessened by Hanks calling it "a wee-wee."

While Hanks is zipping up, William Shatner shuffles by out in the hallway, rehearsing his lines from the song "California Dreamin'." It sounds just like you'd hope it would — Shatner declaiming Mamas and the Papas lyrics in that unmistakable Shatner cadence. ("Stopped...into a church...") Hanks turns to the next urinal. "That guy," he whispers, "is a goddamn genius."

TALKING TO PEOPLE about Tom Hanks is an exercise in praise fatigue. His friend Martin Short says he's "a very polite, charming, soulful guy with a fertile, active mind." His friend Meg Ryan calls him "easy and fun and relaxed and smart and tough and just a pretty consistent character." His friend Nick Pileggi, who co-wrote *Casino* and *Goodfellas* and was married to Nora Ephron (who directed Hanks in *Sleepless in Seattle* and *You've Got Mail*), says he's "very thoughtful, incredibly bright, very entertaining and great company." And his friend David Geffen says, "He's interested in everything,

he reads a tremendous amount, he's engaged." Talk to enough of Hanks' famous friends — and really, they're all famous — and you start to feel like Julia Roberts a few years ago, when she was tasked with speaking near the end of a Tom Hanks tribute and said basically all that was left for her to say: "All right, well, it's late and I'm paying my baby sitter overtime and I have to pee, so: *Eeeeeeeeverybody fuckin' likes you.*"

Still, spend a little time around him, and a fuller picture starts to emerge. For one thing: He's a bit of an attention hog! Ryan, who's played his love interest in three movies, says it's a generous, non-ego thing — he knows people like him and he wants to make them happy. But he also loves to get

to form, he plays it comically over-the-top — as a Lebowski-ish stoner who punctuates his sentences with a blissed-out "maaaaaan" — and milks his death scene for all it's worth. At one point, he even upstages Shatner, which is a feat.

At the beginning of Act IV, he's supposed to bring someone up from the audience for a cameo. The guy's name is Ken; turns out he paid \$6,100 in an online charity auction for the chance to say one line, as a fairy named Cobweb. It's the kind of thing you'd think Hanks would be grateful for, but as Ken makes his way to the stage, the actor is being a little ungallant.

"Hurry up, Cobweb!" he needles. "How much did you pay for this gig?"

Eventually Ken makes it onstage. It's his big moment; he seems pretty nervous. "Ready," he says, reciting his line. "What is your will?" But Hanks, instead of answering with his own line, turns to face him. "Good job, man!" he says, with the tiniest hint of condescension. "The audience applauded and everything. Now, off you go — *exit*, amateur!"

But if there's any awkwardness, it passes quickly. The rest of the play is a sloppy riot: Crystal doing gentle jokes, Short impersonating Katharine Hepburn in a nude bodysuit with a penis drawn on. At one point, Cedric the Entertainer is straight-up

chatting with the audience. "Sorry," he says. "I just don't have a lot of lines." ("It's true," Hanks shoots back. "In the script, you don't have a lot of lines.") Out in the audience, Kurt Russell and Goldie Hawn are cracking up. By the end of the show, the thing is in shambles, and Hanks' script is literally falling apart. He rips off the top half and chuckles it across the stage: "Stupid Shakespeare!" The audience goes wild.

It's not often he gets to really cut loose like this. One of the few things that bugs him is when people say that he always plays the same character — variations on "Tom Hanks." After all, he says, it's not like he's out there doing *Forrest Gump 6*. "When we did *Road to Perdition*," he says, "the reports were, 'You always play such a nice guy.' I shoot a dude in the head! 'Yeah, but you do it for the right reasons.' In *Green Mile*, I played an executioner — I fried, like, three people. 'Yeah. But you did it to improve yourself!'"

One of the funniest scenes in tonight's play comes early on. The head of the Mechanicals, the six amateur actors who put on a play-within-a-play. He's Nick Bottom, the troupe's resident ham. (It's a stretch.) True

It bugs him when people say he always plays the same guy. After all, he's not doing *Forrest Gump 6.*

the laugh. Take the time on the set of *Cloud Atlas*, when at the end of another very long day, Hanks had the whole crew in stitches by reciting his lines in whatever style they threw at him: Now do it like Al Pacino! Do it like Tennessee Williams! Like Tolstoy! Like Frankenstein! It was just like the time when he was a kid and his family was driving somewhere, and little Tommy heard a bird outside the window and said, "Hark, a mourning dove!" and was so amused by himself that he tried to re-create it for the rest of the car ride: "Hark, some cows!" "Hark, I have to go to the bathroom!"

Second: He can be a bit of a jerk! That's like saying Santa hates kids, but Hanks admits it's true. "I can be really harsh," he says. "I've had meetings where I've blown something completely out of the water just by opening my mouth. What I should tell people is, 'Let's agree to not have egos, and say everything that we think.' But I don't say that until after I'm a real asshole."

In the Shakespeare play at UCLA, Hanks is portraying one of the Mechanicals, the six amateur actors who put on a play-within-a-play. He's Nick Bottom, the troupe's resident ham. (It's a stretch.) True

liet; then the lion, so he can show off his roar. But Quince, the carpenter, already has him typecast. "You can play no part but Pyramus," he says. "For Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man...a most lovely gentlemanlike man: Therefore, you must play Pyramus."

Hanks lets out a big, melodramatic sigh. "Well," he says. "I will undertake it."

HERE'S WHAT A TYPICAL day is like for Tom Hanks, according to Tom Hanks:

"Well, first I kick the dog out of the bedroom. We have this white shepherd, Cleo, and she wakes me up by licking my hand and nuzzling me. Yesterday she was up at 6:30, so I was up at 6:30 as well. Got the coffee turned on and the paper spread out, and by the time the wife comes down, I'm already pumped. I have energy and opinions. All the kids are out of the house; my 16-year-old goes to boarding school – his choice! We didn't ship him off – so I have no child responsibilities. It's just me and the wife. We read the paper, I get my exercise in – 'cause you gotta maintain the temple. One hour of low-energy workout – weights and push-ups and the treadmill. I do it to the *Dave Letterman* show on the DVR – that's my timer, you see. As soon as Craig Ferguson comes on, I'm done.

"After that, Tim Allen and I got together. About seven times a year, he and I will have a sit-down summit about everything that's going on in our lives. We had lunch and talked for two and a half hours. Tim's brain is like an engineer's. He can talk about how air-conditioning units are made wrong. He actually designed a prototype of a drill he tried to sell to – I don't know, Black & Decker or something. I swear to God, that's the way he operates.

"It was Yom Kippur, everything was shut down, so I went back home and watched *My Beautiful Laundrette*, which I'd never seen. Daniel Day-Lewis – holy smokes. Then it was dinner. Without the kids, there's no rules, so we end up going out a lot, getting together with peeps. But last night the wife and I ate at home while we watched the BBC News and NBC News, and then most of *Vegas* because our friend Dennis Quaid is in it and our friend Nick Pileggi wrote it, and we sorta know Mike Chiklis because he's Greek and Rita's Greek and all Greeks know all Greeks. Then she took care of some business while I watched the 1974 Vietnam War documentary *Hearts and Minds*.

"Now, I have sinned, so even though I'm not Jewish, in my mind I atoned a little for the big mix-ups. You know – I'm a jerk sometimes, and I don't see my kids enough, and I can be... I can be gruff. But I took care of that in a few minutes,

and now I feel great. Then pretty much brushed the teeth, got in bed, read a little bit of my Alan Furst novel, *The Spies of Warsaw*, and then went to sleep. And that was my Yom Kippur."

ONE OF THE BIG themes in *Cloud Atlas* is the way little moments ripple through time and have major consequences. Over breakfast in New York

(scrambled eggs, smoked salmon, capers, toast, grapefruit juice), Hanks ponders that theme. "If you start putting together the connections from where we were to where we end up," he says, "jeez, anything kicked out of there is gonna make a huge difference. For instance, if I had been cast in a show in Sacramento, I wouldn't have even gotten started on this whole thing."

"He's wise enough to suggest that we know him," says his friend Meg Ryan. "Even though we don't."

In college at Cal State Sacramento, Hanks couldn't book any theater gigs, so he spent his summers interning at the Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival in Cleveland, where he'd change sets and haul costumes between rehearsals. Lucy Bredeson-Smith, a friend from those days who still works in theater in Cleveland, remembers a sweet, hardworking guy who was the backbone of the company. "People always ask me for dirt," Bredeson-Smith says. "But there is no dirt." She does, however, remember one night at a house a bunch of them shared, when they were all watching *Saturday Night Live*. "Steve Martin was hosting – I think it was the 'King Tut' night – and we were all rolling around on the floor laughing," she says. "And Tom said, 'I'm going to host that show someday.' And we said, 'Yes.'"

Nowadays, Hanks is very good at being famous. Think about it: How many stars can you name who are both extremely, publicly famous, and also seemingly com-

pletely comfortable with that fact? There's Clooney. Will Smith, probably. Brad, but not Angelina. Maybe Justin Timberlake. And that's about it. Hanks has never thrown a phone, never jumped on a couch, never had a breakdown or a slip-up of any sort – and yet for 25-plus years he has been not only constantly in the public eye but smiling every minute of it. Being famous suits him. He wears it well.

Besides his \$26 million mansion in the Pacific Palisades, Hanks lives a pretty unaffected life. He drives his Chevy Volt to his office in Santa Monica, wears T-shirts and shorts to business meetings, and waits in line for Dodger Dogs like everyone else. At President Obama's inauguration in 2009, he cracked jokes for the crowd while in line for the Port-a-Potty – and then went onstage to give a speech. Lately he enjoys a pilsener at the end of the day, a habit he picked up while filming *Cloud Atlas* in

Germany, but never more than two. His favorite curse word is "horseshit" – not to be confused with bullshit, "which is totally different" – and he likes "pussy," too, though "not in a pejorative sense." It ticks him off when people don't use their turn signals, but otherwise not much bugs him. After all, he says, "Pet peeves are for pussies."

After breakfast, Hanks strolls down Fifth Avenue, along Central Park. A light rain is falling; he's on his third cup of coffee. Up ahead, at the corner, a pair of tourists – Italian, by the looks of them – are trying to corral a subway map when they look up and see

Tom Hanks coming toward them on the sidewalk. They go through the steps people go through when they see a famous person: "Is that him? I think it's him. Should we ask for a photo? No, we can't...." But Hanks sees this all unfolding and immediately takes charge, leaning into the punch.

"Hey, how you doing? You want a picture?" he calls from halfway up the block. It's a move that, in someone else's hands, might seem pretty douchey – except they did want a picture, and they were too shy to ask, and now they have one, and he's happy he could give it to them. It's an effortless, mutually satisfying celebrity transaction, conducted by an expert.

Ryan remembers one of those. "We were shooting something in New York," she says, "and we were sitting on a bus bench, and in between takes, this bus came by and people waved at us. At the time I felt so embarrassed – like, 'Ohhhh, God.' And Tom just looked at me and went, 'What's the big deal? Just wave back! It's a wave!' Some-



1

American Idol

(1) Hanks with Queen Elizabeth II and President Obama in London in 2011. (2) With astronaut Jim Lovell and President Bill Clinton in the Oval Office in 1995. (3) With President George W. Bush in 2004. (4) Performing *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in Los Angeles in September. (5) With Bruce Springsteen in 2009.



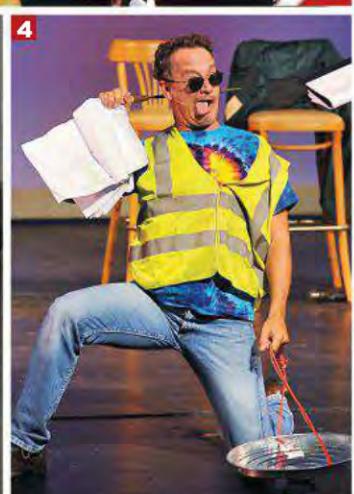
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3



5



4

FROM TOP: PETE SOUZA/THE WHITE HOUSE; WILFREDO LEE/AP IMAGES; WIN MCNAMEE/REUTERS/CORBIS; KEVIN MAZUR/WIREIMAGE; VINCE BUCCHI/INVISON/AP IMAGES

times as a famous person you make the mistake of interpreting people's interest in you as personal. But it's all a goof – and he seems to have always known it."

Hanks likes it in this neighborhood. He and Wilson bought a place on the Upper East Side about 20 years ago, when the kids were still young enough to like playing in the park, and they stay here when they're in town. Right now they're here to do an event at Radio City Music Hall – a benefit for the 25th anniversary of Paul Simon's Children's Health Fund. ("I'm on the benefit tour," Hanks jokes.) Wilson is singing, and he's going to accompany her on guitar. "You know how in *Spinal Tap* they went to 11? Well, I'm gonna have negative-1," he says. "I'm gonna have the quietest guitar in history."

Hanks has always been a serious rock geek. When he got enough pull in Hollywood to direct his own vanity project, the one he picked was *That Thing You Do!*, about a Beatles-era rock band that became the original one-hit wonders. He even named his production company, Playtone, after the fake record label in the film. (These days, Playtone is a powerhouse in its own right, producing miniseries such as *John Adams* and *The Pacific*, as well as less typically Hanks-y stuff like *Where the Wild Things Are*, and the HBO movie *Game Change*. Hanks won an Emmy for the latter. He

taped it to the hood of his car.)

Playtone also produces events for the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, and at the 2008 induction ceremony, Hanks introduced the Dave Clark Five, sounding like a senator on the stump as he talked about how, as a kid, rock & roll gave him "a world beyond" tiny Red Bluff, California – when he'd watch the Beatles on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, listen to "a speaker the size of the bottom of a soda can" on his sister's clock radio and save up dimes for the jukebox at his local pizza parlor. Fifty years later, Hanks is friends with the same legends he used to worship, like his fellow Oscar winner Bruce Springsteen (*Philadelphia*). Just the other night, in fact, Hanks and his friend Robbie Robertson were hanging at Geffen's house in Beverly Hills, dining on fish and lobster potatoes and discussing the Middle East with Tony Blair.

Hanks keeps strolling. It actually wasn't far from here that he and Wilson had one of their first romantic moments, when they were holding hands at a light on the corner of Fifth Avenue near the park and he told her she'd never have to change a thing to make him happy. They first met more than 30 years ago, when she had a guest

role on his sitcom *Bosom Buddies*. But they didn't meet again until three years later, when they shot a movie together called *Volunteers*. Their first date was to see the Talking Heads documentary *Stop Making Sense*; Hanks proposed on New Year's Eve 1987, while they were vacationing in St. Barts with *RoboCop* star Peter Weller. Now they've been married for nearly 25 years, and they're clearly still head over heels. He calls her Bobcat, Babycat and Chick-o-Stick; she calls him Wolf Dog. "She has degrees of social graces that I do not," he says. "She has an ability to interact with people that I'm amazed by. She has no fear. She's fascinating, she's just fascinating."

That said, he'd rather you didn't ask Wilson about him. "I think we're enough of a commodity as it is without commoditizing ourselves even more," Hanks says. "You don't get that stuff back. We've never done anything from our house, we've never been on TV together. Honestly, what would we say? I like her; she likes me. I drive her nuts sometimes, but I don't want you to know when."

This is Hanks' nondirty little secret. When you see him at the Oscars or dedicating a veterans' memorial, you think, "Tom Hanks - I know that guy." But you don't, really. For instance, did you know he was married before? Or that he's a child of divorce himself, who lived, by his count, in 10 different houses with three different stepmoms by the time he was 10? When he was on the cover of *ROLLING STONE* 24 years ago, Sally Field said of Hanks, "He's very entertaining and funny and easy to be around. But you know there's somebody else underneath...a sad side, a dark side."

Hanks says that was true then, and it's still true now. He just doesn't feel the need to talk about it, particularly.

"There are absolutely aspects of pain and hurt and sadness to what I do," he says. "Otherwise I'm just Monty Hall. But it's a high-wire act - maintaining the equipoise. The thing Sally and I were doing [the movie *Punchline*] was about the poisonous atmosphere of stand-up comedians - and you don't have to dig too deep to find the poisonous atmosphere of anything. But the place to examine that is in the work, and when you're having heart-to-heart conversations with your kids."

"I'm going to use a terrible word," says Pileggi, "but I think Tom is a grown-up, adult man. You keep your own counsel sometimes. You don't have to answer every question. That's what grown men are supposed to be."

Meg Ryan agrees. "I think the pleasure with Tom is that he has complications, but we're not really gonna know what those complications are," she says. "I think that's smart. Movie stardom is a lot about suggestion: You have to be a blank enough canvas so people can project their feelings about what a good guy is. And there isn't much Tom has done to dispute that. He's wise enough to suggest that we know him - even though we also know we don't."

There's a great, unsung moment in *Saving Private Ryan* when Matt Damon, as Ryan, is bonding with Hanks' Capt. John Miller a few minutes before the climactic battle. Ryan is worried he's starting to forget his brothers - he can't picture their faces. Miller says the trick is to think of something specific, some favorite memory.

For him, Miller says, it's watching his wife prune her rosebushes. Ryan thinks about it, and starts reminiscing about the last night he and his brothers were all together, before the war. Pretty soon he's laughing, and they're back with him. Then he asks Miller to tell him his story - about his wife and her rosebushes.

Miller, who up to that point had been laughing and smiling too, suddenly gets quiet. "No," he says. "No, that one I save just for me." Some things Hanks saves just for him.

H

ERE'S A FUN GAME: Try to name an actor with a better six-year stretch than this: *A League of Their Own*. *Sleepless in Seattle*. *Philadelphia*. *Forrest Gump*. *Apollo 13*. *Toy Story*. *Saving Private Ryan*.

Seriously, give it a shot. Can't be done. 1992-1998 Tom Hanks is simply un-fuck-withable - like '87-'93 Jordan, or the '66-'72 Stones. Even the six movies that followed (*You've Got Mail*, *Toy Story 2*, *The Green Mile*, *Cast Away*, *Road to Perdition* and *Catch Me If You Can*) would be a career for most actors, and that's Hanks' B game. Not to mention, his contributions to the pop-culture vernacular: "There's no crying in baseball." "Houston, we have a problem." "Life is like a box of chocolates." "Wiiiiillll-soooooon!" The guy's like a one-man Hollywood Bartlett's. When he dies, decades hence, the poor editor in charge of putting together the Oscar-tribute montage is going to have some pretty tough choices

THE HIDDEN GEMS OF TOM HANKS

It isn't all Oscars for 'Philadelphia' and 'Forrest Gump' and box-office glory in hits like 'Big,' 'Saving Private Ryan' and 'Toy Story.' Hanks also showed his extraordinary range in movies you might not remember. Take a look By Peter Travers



Nothing in Common

Before this 1986 turning point, Hanks told me he had only one thought: "Did I get a laugh?" But here, as a slick ad exec whose life hits a speed bump when his dad (Jackie Gleason) gets sick, Hanks makes the shift from comedy to drama with the ease of a master.



Punchline

As a self-destructive stand-up comic, Hanks takes a rare role as a swaggering prick (even to Sally Field). This little-seen 1988 film is still a career high point. Hanks hit the clubs to learn the rigors of stand-up. He's good at it, and even better at finding the torment eating at his flawed character.



Joe Versus the Volcano

In 1990, critics hated on this surreal comic fantasy. Now it's a hot cult hit. Hanks digs deep as a dying man who sells himself as a human sacrifice. Co-star Meg Ryan reteamed with Hanks in *Sleepless in Seattle* and *You've Got Mail*. But this was their scrappy start.



That Thing You Do!

Hanks' 1996 debut as writer and director celebrates a one-hit-wonder band in 1964, when music still had innocence. Ironically, Hanks cast himself as the band's abusive manager, a suit in dark shades (to hide his dead eyes) that he plays with insidious skill.



Road to Perdition

Was Hanks trying to slime his image by playing a hit man in Depression-era Chicago? Hardly. Wearing a thin mustache and a starched collar, Hanks inhabits the conflicted enforcer in this 2002 crime drama by evoking feelings too complicated for tears.

on his hands. Not for nothing, Hanks is the highest-grossing box-office star in the world — \$8.5 billion and counting.

Lately, though, he's been in a bit of a slump. First came *The Ladykillers*, remembered mostly for his awful mustache. Next was his third Steven Spielberg movie collaboration, *The Terminal*, which opened a distant second to Ben Stiller's *Dodgeball*. *The Da Vinci Code* and *Angels & Demons* were both hits, but underwhelming ones; and Hanks' last directorial effort, *Larry Crowne*, was a genuine bust. ("He wanted to make it, and he made it for nothing," Geffen says. "But, you know, nobody only makes hits.")

To his credit, Hanks is realistic about the past few years. "Sometimes someone comes up to me and says, 'Mr. Hanks, I gotta say — *Angels & Demons* just blew my mind,'" he laughs. "Really?" For one thing, he's been dedicating a lot of effort to Playtone, which comes at the expense of acting. But he also says that's just how it goes sometimes. "That's art, man. What can you do? You aim for something and don't always hit it, but you keep slugging away. It's like any great band that's been together a long time. Not all the records work — but you can still hear the band in there."

And it's true — even when the movie's a bomb, you can still see Hanks in there. As Spielberg once said, Tom Hanks "is America." He makes movies about baseball, childhood, space, romance, war — all the things we're good at. He plays homespun archetypes with a realistic twist: the insecure sheriff, the frightened soldier. This is a guy, says Short, who sings the national anthem at baseball games with his hand over his heart. Who is unusually proud of the fact that there are six flags on the moon and every one of them is the Stars and Stripes. Who ends his Oscar acceptance speeches with the phrase "God bless America" and says he sometimes wishes he was a United States park ranger. ("Green uniform, Smokey the Bear hat. The whole bit.")

Cloud Atlas co-director Tom Tykwer, who is German, says Hanks' appeal is universal. "You can imagine how hugely debated *Saving Private Ryan* was in Germany, and I think the only reason people were able to get into it was because of Tom Hanks," he says. "In Europe, people have even forgotten that *Forrest Gump* was an American." In a time when our reputation has taken some hits abroad, there's still something inarguable about Hanks. He's an ambassador for the country the whole world can agree on; even in Islamabad, no one's going to protest a Tom Hanks movie.

Hanks has long been mentioned as someone with a future in politics. It makes sense: an active, deep-pocketed West Coast liberal who's close to both the Clintons (he slept in the Lincoln Bedroom) and the Obamas (he narrated this year's cam-

paign video), who's also a champion of soldiers and veterans' issues and one of the few figures on the left whose patriotism has never been questioned. (If the McCarthy hearings were held today, Hanks would have nothing to worry about.) He's just heartland enough to be corny, and just Hollywood enough to be cool — a bridge-builder who invites Republican Clint Eastwood and former LBJ aide Jack Valenti over for the same dinner parties. Even Bill Clinton wants to be him: Around the time that Mike Nichols was adapting *Primary Colors* for the screen, Clinton said if anyone was going to play him in a movie, he wanted it to be Hanks.

Short says he could see Hanks running a studio or running for office. Geffen

show in a class." It's what inspired him to take on two movies he has in the pipeline: *Captain Phillips*, about an American sailor held hostage by Somali pirates, and *In the Garden of Beasts*, about the U.S. ambassador to Germany before WWII. (Not that he'd ever want to be an ambassador himself. "All those cocktail parties? It's like being on a press junket for the rest of your life!"

Now that he's getting older, Hanks is looking for roles that are a little more complicated. "For a long time, I was the generational example of who everyone kind of, like, is," he says. "I wasn't the Man With No Name coming in to clean up the town. I was the ordinary guy in extraordinary circumstances. I'm 56 now, and I don't think anybody's looking for me to save the dog and get the girl. Not that I can't still do that — but there's a little more gravitas. I think maybe I get to play guys who actually are kind of extraordinary. I'm the experienced American now."

In *Cloud Atlas*, Hanks plays six different characters, ranging from a 1970s nuclear scientist to a nefarious doctor, maybe the first true bad guy of his career. "He got to play some pretty gnarly, flawed people this time," co-star Halle Berry says. "And I saw the fun he had with it." Early reactions have been polarized; some call the movie a gorgeous masterpiece, while

others think it's bloated nonsense. But either way, Geffen says, "This was an ambitious movie, and he loved making it. And if it isn't successful, you know, *c'est la vie* — he had an awful lot of fun being a villain."

Which may be the key to understanding Hanks generally: He just gets into stuff. He once was enthralled reading a book about cod. Short remembers him being captivated by one on the history of the potato. "I could go to HBO and say, 'The most important thing ever pulled out of the ground is the potato. I see a six-hour miniseries,' and I bet you we could at least get a couple of scripts written," says Hanks. "I'm such a dope, I can be intrigued by anything. I think you could make a fascinating movie about building a bridge across the Mississippi River — because I saw a documentary about it, and it was fascinating. I got so many goofy facts rattling around in my head — I'm a pain in the ass at dinner parties. Rita's gotta go, 'You know what, hey — enough about the Weimar Republic.'"

Hanks has a good laugh at himself. "But you know..." he adds, a twinkle in his eye. "The interesting thing about the Weimar Republic is..." 

"For a long time I was the ordinary guy. Now there's a gravitas — I'm the 'experienced' American."

calls him "a good citizen — someone you can admire without feeling foolish." But Hanks says it's all just a laugh: "I've never had any interest in running for office," he says. "Never."

In fact, he says, when it comes to his pet causes like the space program or veterans, he can actually do more as Movie Star Tom Hanks than he could on some congressional subcommittee. "If I show up, more people show up. That means more money raised, and more people doing the groundwork — the actual making phone calls and building buildings, and stuff that serves the cause."

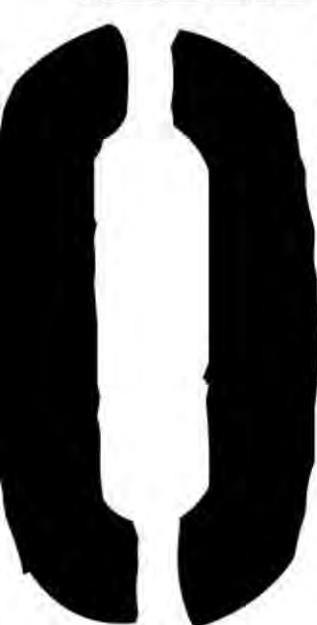
These days, Hanks really wants his movies to make a difference. A voracious history buff who buys books by the crate and named two of his sons Chester and Truman Theodore, Hanks loves being able to tell people stories and facts they didn't already know. "There's actually kind of a Playtone manifesto we have, which is, 'Where have the myths become inaccurate?'" he says. His goal is to be as accurate as possible — to make movies that "become historical documents and are literally put on shelves in libraries, or that you could

ENEMY OF THE STATE

BY JANE REITMAN

AS A DEVASTATING SERIES OF CYBERATTACKS STRUCK THE HEART OF THE NATIONAL SECURITY ESTABLISHMENT, THE FEDS SET OUT TO DESTROY LEGENDARY HACKER AND RADICAL ANARCHIST JEREMY HAMMOND BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY. THE RISE AND FALL OF AN AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY





N A COLD DAY IN MID-DECEMBER 2011, a hacker known as “sup_g” sat alone at his computer – invisible, or so he believed. He’d been working on the target for hours, long after the rest of his crew had logged off: an epic hack, the “digital equivalent of a nuclear bomb,” as it later would be described, on the servers of a Texas-based intelligence contractor called Strategic Forecasting Inc. Stratfor served as a sort of private CIA, monitoring developments in political hot spots around the world and supplying analysis to the U.S. security establishment.

A member of the online activist movement Anonymous, sup_g was part of a small team of politically motivated hackers who had breached Stratfor’s main defenses earlier that month – ultimately “rooting,” or gaining total access to, its main web servers. In them, they had found a cornucopia of treasure: passwords, unencrypted credit-card data and private client lists revealing Stratfor’s deep ties to both big business and the U.S. intelligence and defense communities. But perhaps the most

enforcement of the world.” Though hundreds of activists may have frequented its internal communication channels, known as Internet relay chats, Antisec had less than a dozen core members: hackers, anarchists, free-speech activists and privacy crusaders, as well as “social engineers” – skilled manipulators whose talents lay in tricking even the most security-conscious into giving up their passwords or other data. The founder and most prominent member of Antisec was a bloviat-

of mayhem” that would include posting the firm’s secrets online – some 860,000 names, e-mails and passwords, including several dozen belonging to top-secret operators whose identities were now leaked for the very first time. Antisec also planned to use the hacked credit cards to make donations to groups like CARE and the American Red Cross. As an added flourish, the group ended its communiqué with the full text of the influential French anarchist tract *The Coming Insurrection*. “It’s useless to wait...for the revolution,” the treatise reads. “The catastrophe is not coming, it is here.”

THREE MONTHS LATER, ON the evening of March 5th, 2012, more than a dozen federal law-enforcement officers broke down the door of a small brick house on the southwest side of Chicago and arrested Jeremy Hammond, a 27-year-old anarchist and computer hacker they believed to be sup_g. Six feet tall and lanky, dressed in a purple T-shirt and ratty trousers – a signature style one of his female friends noted was less Salvation Army than “the free box outside the Salvation Army” – Hammond looked more like a crusty punk than a computer nerd. In fact, he was both, as well as many other things: an inveterate “black hat” hacker, an irrepressible agitator and enemy of the “rich, ruling class” who identified with the ideas of the Weather Under-

“I HAVE ALWAYS MADE IT CLEAR THAT I AM AN ANARCHIST-COMMUNIST,” HAMMOND SAYS. “I BELIEVE WE NEED TO ABOLISH CAPITALISM IN ITS ENTIRETY.”

lucrative find of all was Stratfor’s e-mail database: some 3 million private messages that exposed a wide array of nefarious and clandestine activities – from the U.S. government’s monitoring of the Occupy movement to Stratfor’s own role in compiling data on a variety of activist movements, including PETA, WikiLeaks and even Anonymous itself.

And now, finally, it was done. Logging on to a secure Web chat, sup_g sent a message to a fellow activist. “We in business, baby,” he said. “It’s over with.”

One of the most radical and committed hackers in the shadowy world of Anonymous – a leaderless, nonhierarchical federation of activists with varying agendas – sup_g kept a low profile within the group, carefully concealing his real name and maintaining a number of aliases. That June, he had joined a new faction within in Anonymous known as Operation Antisec, or #Antisec, which described itself as a “popular front” against the “corrupt governments, corporations, militaries and law

ing, heavyset 29-year-old hacker, self-proclaimed revolutionary and social engineer known as “Sabu,” who had a special loathing, it seemed, for the intelligence industry. “Let us show them we can spy on them too,” he’d tweeted to his more than 35,000 followers in early December.

For three weeks, sup_g and his crew had worked steadily to ruin Stratfor, one of their biggest and richest targets yet. In addition to supplying geopolitical analysis to everyone from the Pentagon to the United Nations, the firm provided customized security services for leading companies like Raytheon and Dow Chemical, often compiling dossiers on activists and others viewed as threats to corporate profits. By Christmas – which Antisec dubbed “LulzXmas” for the “lulz,” or mocking enjoyment, they intended to have at Stratfor’s expense – the group had made off with more than 200 gigabytes of data. They then destroyed the company’s databases and defaced Stratfor’s website with a triumphant message promising a “week

ground and considered the Occupy movement too tame.

Even before the arrest broadcast his name worldwide, Hammond was well-known in extreme-left circles. An early champion of “cyber-liberation,” he had been described by *Chicago* magazine at the age of 22 as an “electronic Robin Hood” after he was sentenced to two years in federal prison for hacking a conservative website and making off with 5,000 credit-card numbers, intending to charge donations to progressive causes. But unique within the hacking subculture, Hammond was also a real-life revolutionary: a “modern-day Abbie Hoffman,” in the words of his friend Matt Muchowski. He possessed a shrewd intelligence as well as a certain impulsivity – a fellow hacker referred to it as “urgency” – that had led to a long string of civil-disobedience arrests dating back 10 years, for offenses ranging from defacing a wall with anti-war slogans to banging a drum during a “noise demo” at the 2004 Republican National Convention in New York. (He later

Contributing editor JANET REITMAN wrote “Confessions of an Ivy League Frat Boy” in RS 1154.



PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG RADICAL

(1) A math and science whiz, Hammond began programming computers at age nine. (2) In high school (center), he organized student rallies and later became a fixture (3) at Chicago protests.



called his brief stint in the Tombs his “best prison experience.” Hammond was even busted once, in 2005, for trying to join a protest, against a group of white supremacists in Toledo, Ohio. “They hadn’t even gotten out of the car when they were arrested,” says Muchowski, a Chicago union organizer who bailed Hammond out.

His arrest, the most prominent bust to date of a U.S. hacktivist, was also a major coup for the FBI. Before Hammond was locked up, Anonymous had engaged in a year-and-a-half-long hacking spree, waging a full-scale war against the “rich and powerful oppressors.” The group shut down the websites of the CIA, major banks and credit-card companies. They took up the cause of the Arab Spring by attacking the government websites of Libya, Tunisia and Egypt; they broke into computers belonging to NATO and the GEO Group, one of the world’s largest private prison corporations. They hacked defense contractor Booz Allen Hamilton – an attack, dubbed “Military Meltdown Monday,” that yield-

ed 90,000 military and civilian e-mail accounts and passwords. They even attacked the FBI itself.

But none of these attacks had the political resonance of Stratfor. The computer breach not only cost the company millions, but focused worldwide attention on the murky world of private intelligence after Anonymous provided the firm’s e-mails to WikiLeaks, which has been posting them ever since. It was, by any estimate, an audacious hack – and one for which Hammond may face decades in prison.

Hammond, who has never admitted to any of the nine nicknames the government claims he operated under, has pleaded innocent to the Stratfor hack. But he has not disavowed his involvement with Anonymous, nor his desire to “push the struggle in a more direct action, explicitly anti-capitalist and anti-state direction,” as he wrote to me from Manhattan’s Metropolitan Correctional Center, where he has been held for the past eight months awaiting a bail hearing. Indeed, his hallmark as an

activist has always been his revolutionary, militant rhetoric, for which he is unapologetic. “I have always made it clear that I am an anarchist-communist – as in I believe we need to abolish capitalism and the state in its entirety to realize a free, egalitarian society,” he wrote. “I’m not into watering down or selling out the message or making it more marketable for the masses.”

This unwavering commitment, one of Hammond’s greatest strengths, would also be what led to his undoing. He was always aware that betrayal was only a click away. “We know we’ll finish in prison,” says a hacker who worked with him. “Jeremy knew he was going to be raided, which is why he worked so quickly. He wanted people to remember him.” What Hammond never suspected was that his downfall would come at the hands of one of his closest and most trusted allies.

T’S AN EARLY-JUNE morning at the Metropolitan Correctional Center, and Hammond walks into the small room usually reserved for lawyer-client conferences wearing a baggy brown prison jumpsuit meant for someone twice his size. In person, Hammond comes off as far less strident than he does on the page. He’s friendly, but cautious. After 10 years of activism, he is a seasoned veteran of jails and rough treatment at the hands of the police.

“Hey,” Hammond says calmly, “I’m Jeremy.” He’s a pale kid, nearly 28, with huge blue-green eyes, a wispy beard, and tattoos on each

forearm – one, a tic-tac-toe-like symbol known as the “glider,” is an emblem of the open-source movement; the other, the shi hexagram from the I Ching, “can be interpreted as the leader of a people’s army,” he explains. He looks tired. “I’m on a terrorist watch list,” he tells me. “Hard to say what for, or how they monitor these terrorists.” He flashes me a wan smile that says “prison sucks.”

Since arriving here in March, Hammond has tried to keep busy teaching math to inmates who are studying for their GEDs, playing chess and reading anything he can get his hands on – most recently *Love and Struggle*, ex-Weatherman David Gilbert’s prison memoir. But being locked up is both a “dehumanizing” and also excruciatingly boring experience, he says. Aside from his lawyers, I am the only visitor he’s been permitted in three months.

Hammond was raised with his twin brother, Jason, in Glendale Heights, Illinois, a working-class town in the western

suburbs of Chicago. His parents, Rose and Jack, never married, and when the twins were three, their mother moved out and later fell in love with a next-door neighbor, leaving the boys in the care of their father. According to Rose, who remained close to her sons, Jack Hammond was "a borderline genius" who had dropped out of high school to pursue a music career and had never wanted children "until the moment he laid eyes on the twins. Then his whole life was about them."

Jack was part of the Chicago alternative scene of the 1980s that spawned iconic punk auteur Steve Albini. He raised his boys, who were nicknamed "Hanson" because of their long hair, to pursue whatever path appealed to them. Jason, a sensitive jokester, was a musician like his father. Jeremy, the quieter, more thoughtful of the two, was the schemer – the little boy who, at two, climbed to the top of the kitchen pantry to retrieve money he'd seen his mother hiding there. Jack, who earned about \$35,000 a year as a guitar teacher and received child support from Rose, would later say he and the boys were "the world champs of living cheaply and well" in a do-it-yourself kind of way.

At Glenbard East High School in nearby Lombard, Illinois, the Hammond twins were part of a crowd of "very smart kids looking for something more than they'd find in high school," as one friend, Matt Zito, recalls. Politicized, like many, by the attacks of 9/11, Jeremy was an outspoken critic of the Bush administration and the "blind patriotism" he saw as leading the U.S. to war. In his senior year he founded an underground newspaper to encourage students to question the conventional political narrative "and most of all think," as he wrote in his first editor's letter. "WAKE UP... Your mind is programmable – if you're not programming your mind, someone else will program it for you."

Hammond's mind was a hive of counter-cultural ideology, notably the modern-day insurrectionary ideas of CrimethInc, the anarchist collective and publisher of radical how-to guides, including its own take on *The Anarchist Cookbook*, titled *Recipes for Disaster*. Hammond romanticized the Sixties, says Zito, who worked with him on the newspaper. In the spring of 2003, on the first day of the Iraq invasion, Hammond led a walkout of more than 100 kids to an anti-war rally in downtown Chicago.

Hammond was also, she adds, "trusting" – sometimes to his detriment. During the spring of his freshman year, he hacked into the computer-science department's website, identifying a vulnerability that, just as he had at the Apple store, he offered to fix. Instead, the hack earned him a disciplinary hearing and a letter from school administrators saying that he would not be welcomed back at UIC for his sophomore year.

What he learned, notes one friend, is that "if you try to work with the system, they fuck you over." And so, from then on, Hammond would dedicate himself to working outside it. Over the next few years, he threw himself into the day-to-day life of the radical community in Chicago, renting houses that quickly became crash pads for any homeless kid or traveler who happened through. Always the first to offer a toke or some food, he became famous for taking friends on epic dumpster-diving expeditions to hidden outposts like a local Odwalla plant, where, after plundering the refuse, he'd return with enough fresh juice to last a month. At night he'd settle in with "riot porn" – Internet clips of black-clad anarchists facing off with the police.

He became a fixture at virtually every major demonstration, as well as many

AT 16, HAMMOND HACKED THE COMPUTERS AT A LOCAL APPLE STORE, PROJECTING THEIR FINANCIAL DATA ON EVERY SCREEN. THEN HE EXPLAINED TO THE STAFF AT THE GENIUS BAR HOW TO BETTER PROTECT THEIR INFORMATION.

This didn't always go over well in Glendale Heights – an area Hammond's friend Matt Muchowski describes as "part Rust Belt, part Disney World. There are a ton of Walmarts and Niketowns, so what you get growing up is a pod-person mentality: The only job that's there for you is at the mall."

A math and science whiz with an IQ of 168, Hammond "talked so fast it was like his mouth couldn't keep up with his brain," says one friend. At home, with no women around, the two brothers spent endless hours building cities with their immense Lego kits, or devouring the books in their dad's extensive library, which ran the gamut from *Fight Club* and *The Catcher in the Rye* to Abbie Hoffman's *Steal This Book* and *Revolution for the Hell of It*.

From an early age, Jeremy was consumed by projects in which he could lose himself. In Little League, he created a virtually unhittable pitch, and by the time he was nine, he was finding innovative ways to make computers do what they weren't supposed to do – the essence of hacking. At 16, he hacked the computers at a local Apple store, projecting their financial data on every screen, after which he proceeded to explain to the experts at the Genius Bar how to better protect their information. "The look on their faces was priceless," his father recalls.

That fall, he enrolled at the University of Illinois-Chicago and quickly became a powerful activist voice on campus – so much so, recalls his friend José Martín, that the administration once abruptly cut the mic while he attempted to give a speech.

But Hammond lasted only a year at UIC. "Jeremy was fearless – or foolish, depending on how you look at it," says Pong Kay, who dated Hammond for two years. A pretty freshman, she'd met him at a campus bus stop where Hammond was writing graffiti advertising a protest he was organizing against university tuition hikes. Before long, he was taking her on expeditions to an abandoned drawbridge, which they'd scale, getting stoned at the top before laughingly making their way down.

The artsy daughter of Thai immigrants, Pong was smitten. "There was something incredibly charismatic about him," she says. "He was this young, hot-headed, hyperintelligent guy with a very low tolerance for authority, and this big heart – he had this core belief that human beings are inherently good."

minor ones. Clad in ratty jeans and a T-shirt "for some punk band whose biggest show was for 20 people at a basement benefit for an animal-rights group," as Muchowski puts it, Jeremy and Jason, now his comrade in anarchy, would arrive with a marching band – drums, horns, a tambourine or two – dancing and singing and generally annoying the more earnest demonstrators. "Boredom," he would later write, "is counterrevolutionary. Your movement needs to be fun... or no one will want to participate."

Hammond also "brought the ruckus," as he put it, in a more serious way: joining the militant and masked black bloc anarchists, getting into scuffles with cops and amassing an impressive rap sheet. Between the ages of 18 and 21, he was arrested 10 times in three different states.

But Hammond was more than just a street-level agitator. He was equally active online, part of a new, and to U.S. law enforcement, threatening generation of political activists. "These are guys who can travel seamlessly between cyberspace and meat space, without even recogniz-



ing much of a difference," says Steve Rambam, a New York cybersecurity investigator. Hammond's primary weapon, which few if any of his anarchist friends knew about, was a hacker boot camp of sorts, a website he'd developed called Hack This Site, which within two years had become a full-fledged online community with more than 100,000 members. It was here that Hammond began to meet so-called black-hat hackers who worked below the radar to take down websites for fun or profit, or sometimes both. "These people had large amounts of power – where one hacker could outsmart a whole company," he recalls. Street activists had very little power – but they had the politics to power the revolution. What if these two worlds could merge? "I thought hacking could be a tool – a weapon to disrupt abusive corporations."

Selling this idea wasn't easy. In the mid-2000s, there was little crossover between hackers and activists. Hammond wanted this to change. "Considering today's political climate, it is becoming imperative that we tune into the world around us, take a stance and give a fuck," he wrote in the first issue of a new "electronic civil-disobedience journal" called *Hack This Zine*, which he launched in the summer of 2004. He began to lay out an argument for international movement – "an army so powerful we won't need weapons," as Hammond put it. "If corporations and governments are out of line today, it's up to cowboys of the electronic age to turn over the system and put the people on top."

In July 2004, Hammond took his message to the annual DefCon hacker convention in Las Vegas, the largest convergence of hackers in the United States. There he made an impassioned speech praising the virtues of electronic civil disobedience as an effective tool to disrupt the upcoming Republican National Convention. "We'd like to see every method of disrupt-

STREET-FIGHTING MAN

Hammond getting arrested at a 2009 Chicago protest. His vision was to meld his politics with his computer skills: "I thought hacking could be a weapon we could use to disrupt abusive corporations."

tion possible, whether it be shutting down the power to Madison Square Garden, or defacing 10,000 different Republican websites.... We'd like to see RNC delegates get harassed on the streets," he said. "Fuck 'em up! Shut 'em down!" Some people in the audience jeered, and one person asked if what Hammond was proposing amounted to terrorism. "One man's freedom fighter is another man's terrorist," he scoffed. "Let them call us terrorists; I'll still bomb their buildings."

Soon after he returned to Chicago, FBI agents who had seen a tape of the DefCon speech paid Hammond a visit to ask him if he really intended to bomb the Republican convention. Hammond said he had been engaging in a bit of radical hyperbole – though he had begun to envision a digital insurgency of sorts: an "Internet Liberation Front," which, much like the radical environmental and animal-rights groups ELF and ALF, would organize as underground cells and use nonviolent "hit and run"-type tactics to attack the "rich and powerful."

An early target was a group called Protest Warrior, a Texas-based pro-war organization that had a habit of showing up to rallies to heckle left-wing activists. In February 2005, Hammond and some fellow hacktivists breached the organization's website, gaining access to thousands of credit-card numbers they wanted to charge in order to redistribute the wealth to left-wing causes. Protest Warrior notified the FBI, which raided Hammond's apartment that March. The Bureau spent the better part of the next year building

a case against him, though as Hammond would repeatedly note, he never actually charged anything to the cards.

Hammond ultimately confessed to the hack and was sentenced to two years at the Federal Correctional Institute at Greenville, Illinois, about 250 miles from Chicago. He doesn't speak very much about Greenville, but his mother suggests it was a far cry from the Cook County jail, where he had been held on numerous occasions. "The first time I went to visit him, he'd been there less than a month and he was trembling," she says. "He told me, 'Mom, when I get out, I'm going to be a better person.' He was scared. I thought, 'This is not my Jeremy.'

By the second time she visited, Hammond was no longer trembling. He'd begun his "training," as he would refer to his time in prison, conditioning himself "mentally and physically" to become a more effective freedom fighter. He immersed himself in radical literature like Alexander Berkman's *Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist* and the autobiographies of Black Panthers George Jackson and Elaine Brown, and read countless anarchist newsletters that were passed along through prison channels. Among his influences was the former Weather Underground leader Bill Ayers, who had taught at UIC when Hammond was a student. "Live your life in a way that doesn't make a mockery of your values," Ayers wrote in his memoir, *Fugitive Days*. "Wherever injustice raises its head, resist; the revolution is your permanent vocation."

He emerged from Greenville 18 months later a changed man. "He seemed angry and really militant," says his former housemate Scott Scurvy, who points out that before going to prison, Hammond had an almost Merry Prankster-like take on activism. Now, "he was talking about 'cracking skulls' on people he perceived as racist or homophobic. He kind of tripped me out."

The consensus among many of their friends, Scurvy says, was that "prison sort of messed him up." But others realized it as a form of clarity. "There are two paths you take after you come out of prison," says Jason Hammond. "Some people go straight and try to achieve the American dream, and others go, 'Fuck it, the whole idea is bullshit, as is the system that created it,' and they go in a more radical direction. And Jeremy took that path."

N THE SUMMER OF 2008, HAMMOND returned to Chicago and what was supposed to be a new life. With Jason and some friends, he moved into the fourth-floor apartment of a ramshackle house in Pilsen – "sandwiched between the two finest dumpsters in Chicago" – that they dubbed "Mount Happy," and went to work as a web designer. He was barred, by the terms of his release, from associating with anarchists or his old colleagues

at Hack This Site for the next three years. And yet he was unable to walk away from his politics altogether. So he turned to mainstream activism, joining the Chicago branch of the Rainforest Action Network, where he helped organize a campaign to shut down two local coal plants. "He'd ride this rickety bike all the way across town," says Lyn Michaud, who founded the city's chapter of RAN, "probably an hour each way, to attend meetings that would last four or even six hours."

Hammond, she adds, "wasn't just anti-capitalist in words; he walked the talk. We would have a meeting at a restaurant, and Jeremy wouldn't buy food – he'd eat other people's leftovers. I'd be sitting there, like, horrified, but he'd just casually walk over to an empty table, grab like half a plate of leftover food and bring it over. He literally lived off the waste of others."

Michaud, 10 years older than Hammond, took Jeremy under her wing, inviting some of the world's most well-respected activist trainers to meet with her group in Chicago. Once she even invited Hammond's hero, Bill Ayers, to a potluck dinner. Jeremy was star-struck. "He called him 'sir,'" she recalls, laughing. "That was funny: This big anarchist who was so anti-hierarchy called Bill Ayers 'sir.'"

Ayers recalls Hammond as one of a group of "terrific and supersmart young people" who engaged in "a lively discussion about activism." But Hammond's politics were far more radical than the activists with whom he now associated, and he could be scathing with those that he felt lacked the sufficient revolutionary cred. The idea of willingly getting arrested as an act of civil disobedience puzzled him – "The revolution to me is about *not* getting in their jails," he says – as did the seemingly endless process of petitioning local officials and holding sit-ins that got no attention.

Hammond's adventure with "polite activism" lasted just more than a year. Frustrated, he was drawn back to militancy and, in turn, to trouble with the law. At a rally in September 2009 to protest the city's plans to host the 2016 Olympics, Hammond and his brother were arrested after engaging in a tug of war with an Olympic banner, "in which various parts were burned, right in front of the media cameras," he says. "In retrospect, it was an impulsive, poorly planned-out action with no exit strategy." Worse, it was also a clear violation of his probation. A week later, Hammond, out on bail, joined some comrades in breaking up a talk given by British Holocaust denier David Irving, where, dressed all in black, they heckled Irving and doused his books in fake blood before making their escape. But they were quickly apprehended.

Hammond narrowly avoided being sent back to prison. He accepted 130 hours of community service and 18 months of "en-

hanced probation," which meant he could be visited – he and his friends would say "raided" – by his probation officer and the Chicago police at any time, and his home and possessions thoroughly searched. He was unable to leave the state of Illinois, and he was put on a 7 p.m. to 7 a.m. curfew. About the only place he could still travel freely was online.

In Chicago, Hammond was aware of Anonymous but had dismissed it. "I didn't take them seriously. These weren't, like, super-voodoo hackers," he says. But he began to realize the political potential of Anonymous once they launched Operation Avenge Assange in December 2010, shortly after PayPal, Visa, MasterCard and several other financial institutions



BROTHER'S KEEPER

Hammond's twin brother Jason (left), who followed in his father's footsteps and became a musician, says that after prison his brother saw the whole system as evil and something that must be overthrown.

IN JANUARY 2008, DURING HAMMOND's last six months at Greenville, the famously controlling Church of Scientology "angered the Internet," as it was said, by trying to remove a controversial Tom Cruise video from the Web. In response, the Internet – or more specifically a loose coalition of Internet denizens calling itself Anonymous – released its own video, where, in a computerized voice, it declared war on the Church. *You have nowhere to hide because we are everywhere*, the message said in part, ending with the lines that would become the collective's slogan:

We are Anonymous. We are legion. We do not forgive. We do not forget. Expect us.

At first, Anonymous seemed like little more than a group of malicious pranksters, enraged over Internet censorship. They began targeting groups like the Recording Industry Association of America, which was waging a campaign against online piracy, and the Australian government, which had proposed a filter for online pornography featuring underage girls. (Anonymous dubbed the attack Operation Titstorm.)

abruptly stopped processing donations to WikiLeaks, which had come under fire for publishing the diplomatic cables leaked by Bradley Manning. Organizing online, Anonymous held what electronic-freedom activists call a "digital sit-in," encouraging thousands of people to download an online tool called the Low Orbit Ion Cannon, or LOIC, to bombard the companies' websites and knock them offline.

"This spontaneous gathering was one of the first large-scale demonstrations conducted on the Internet," says Gabriella Coleman, a professor at McGill University considered the foremost expert on Anonymous. It also marked the beginning of a new chapter for the group, "providing a paradigm for general online protest that would soon allow individuals to unite and organize to express their deep disenchantment over any and every issue."

Hammond was impressed. "They were taking on credit-card companies and banks," he says. "I thought maybe there were people there who recognized who the bigger enemy was and how to fight them."

One of those people who seemed drawn to the larger struggle was a hacker named Sabu. Born Hector Xavier Monsegur in 1983, he'd grown up in a family of drug dealers – both his father and his aunt went to prison for heroin trafficking in 1997 – and was raised by his grandmother Irma in the Jacob Riis projects of New York's Lower East Side. A husky, bookish kid,

he'd never really fit in among the gangsters and street hustlers of his mostly Puerto Rican neighborhood, but he had a natural gift for computers, as well as a rebellious streak. At 14, around the age that Hammond was wowing the Apple "geniuses," Monsegur, whose family couldn't afford an Internet connection, had figured out a way to get on EarthLink for free and proceeded to teach himself Linux, Unix and open-source networking. When he was 16, he defaced several Puerto Rican government websites after a U.S. Navy live-fire exercise on the island of Vieques accidentally killed a local civilian. But he was also an opportunist.

Where Hammond saw hacking as a tool in the larger struggle, Monsegur saw hacking, and its legitimate counterpart, white-hat Internet security consulting, as a way out of the struggle he lived day to day. He craved "respect," as he frequently noted online, and as a kid had landed coveted spots in several New York City-run IT programs for underprivileged teens. In his early 20s, he'd freelanced for a Swedish Internet security firm and later

beginning, nobody in law enforcement even knew who Anonymous was," says one former member. "To the FBI, they'd just been this Scientology nuisance. So when Anonymous started coming out in support of Assange and Bradley Manning, they were really behind. They didn't understand the culture at all."

To help the government – and, he hoped, to win contracts for his firm, HBGary Federal – a digital-security analyst named Aaron Barr decided that he would figure out the secret "leadership" of Anonymous. In early 2011, after studying the group for weeks and lurking in Anonymous chat rooms, Barr drew up a 20-page document with the names and contact information of a number of people he believed formed Anonymous' central core. He then went public, telling a reporter from *The Financial Times* that he'd unlocked the mystery of Anonymous, which he intended to broadcast widely.

Though Barr's document turned out to be riddled with mistakes, Anonymous took his threat seriously. On Super Bowl Sunday, February 6th, 2011, Sabu and his

fear it," he wrote in one online post. "I've been in the game for over a decade."

Says one of Hammond's Chicago friends, "I can totally imagine Jeremy digging the fact that he befriended a hacker from the hood."

Few people in the movement expressed themselves with such passion, and all Hammond could see was a fellow hacktivist down for the cause. "He put the work in; that's why I respected him," Hammond says. "And I trusted him too."

It wasn't initially clear why. Most long-time hackers prefer to work in the shadows, never letting anyone know who they are. Sabu bragged about his talents, awing younger Anons, many of them teenagers, with tales of his "Puerto Rican hacking crew" from the late 1990s and his subsequent years "underground." "He made it seem like you were in this supersecret revolutionary group and portrayed himself as this silent underground hero who was risking everything to make a difference," says one former acolyte.

Hammond, too, was drawn in by Sabu's rhetoric. "He seemed to understand, more than most Anons, what the root of the problem really was," Hammond says. "I'd

HAMMOND VOWED TO CREATE "AN ARMY SO POWERFUL WE WON'T NEED WEAPONS. IT'S UP TO THE COWBOYS OF THE INTERNET AGE TO PUT THE PEOPLE ON TOP."

worked for the peer-to-peer file-sharing company LimeWire. But by 2010, Monsegur, now 26 and the sole guardian of two small cousins he called his "daughters," was drifting, living on public assistance in the same projects in which he'd grown up. He sold marijuana on the street, and fenced stolen goods. He also began hacking for profit: stealing credit-card numbers to pay his bills, and hacking into an automotive-parts company, where he ordered four engines worth close to \$3,500 for his cars, including a vintage Toyota AE86, which he named "Revolution."

Before long, Anonymous gave Monsegur a mission – he'd later say it was a movement he had been waiting for his entire life. Calling himself Sabu, he began working his way through the various Internet relay chats (IRCs) in Anonops, the IRC network where hacktivists gathered, into the smaller, private chat rooms where illegal actions were planned. When the Middle East exploded in January 2011, he eagerly took part in what Anonymous called the "Freedom Ops": waging war, from his computer, on the websites of the oppressive governments of Tunisia, Egypt, Syria, Libya and Bahrain. Yet, unlike Hammond, whose revolutionary ideology infused every aspect of his life, Sabu's nobility of purpose was limited. His main cause, now as always, was himself. "Sabu," one hacker later noted, "believes in Sabu."

FBI surveillance of Anonymous began, by most accounts, around 2010. "In the

crew, which called themselves the "Internet Feds," hacked into HBGary's website, Barr's Twitter account and also the company's e-mail database, extracting 68,000 e-mails, which they posted to popular file-sharing site the Pirate Bay. Within a day, news of the hack was everywhere – Steven Colbert famously devoted a segment of *The Colbert Report* to the hack: "To put that in hacker terms," he said, "Anonymous is a hornet's nest, and Barr said, 'I'm going to stick my penis in that thing.'"

The HBGary hack wound up being more than a bit of payback: Barr, it turned out, had been gearing up a "dirty tricks" campaign against pro-WikiLeaks journalists like *Salon's* Glenn Greenwald. He'd also pitched the U.S. Chamber of Commerce on how to discredit labor unions and liberal groups. The leak of Barr's e-mails resulted in his resignation and also caused 17 members of Congress to push for an investigation into HBGary's activities.

Watching this go down, Hammond was amazed. "It was an epic hack," he says. Sabu, who took credit – a bit too much credit, many thought – intrigued Hammond. Unlike other Anons, Sabu talked a tough game, using ghetto slang like "my nigga," and shared Hammond's loathing for the police. He even hinted at a criminal past. "I've been to jail before – I don't

sit in IRC watching these arguments go down – just stupid shit people would say. But there were some people who got to the baseline element and said things like, 'We must destroy capitalism. We must destroy their systems.' That interested me."

But the random malice that Anonymous, and Sabu's crew in particular, unleashed turned off many, including a 40-year-old Michigan mom and longtime Internet denizen named Jennifer Emick, who had come to believe that some of the more ideologically driven Anons might be dangerous. Shortly after HBGary, Emick decided to do what Aaron Barr had failed to do: She outed, or "doxxed," a number of key Anons, including Sabu, publicly listing his name and the neighborhood he lived in. This was perhaps the worst thing that could happen to a hacker, striking a blow to his pride, as well as to his much cherished invisibility – removing the protection that's made Anonymous so powerful to begin with, and leaving him vulnerable to government tracking and, ultimately, arrest.

Sabu denied she'd gotten him, taking to Twitter and issuing a passionate *cri de coeur*, in which he reminded all Anons that they were "part of something powerful," urging them not to "succumb to fear tactics" and to "stay free."

In many ways, Anonymous, with its nonhierarchical structure, was the realization of what Hammond had always wanted to create – indeed, his 2004 DefCon speech provided the blueprint for what the hacktivist collective became. But Anonymous activism was different than real-world activism, where flesh-and-blood true believers like Hammond could develop passionate followings. In the faceless, nameless online world where no one knew who anyone was, it was the trolls and the liars, the social engineers like Sabu, with a remarkable capacity for duplicity, who spoke the loudest. “It’s extremely easy to manipulate people online if you just know how,” says one former Anon. “The whole point of IRC is that you can be anyone you want: a revolutionary, a troll, an FBI agent.”

Over the coming months, as Hammond’s interest grew, Internet Feds morphed into a splinter group called Lulz Security, or Lulzsec. It was led by Sabu with support from a talented propagandist named Topiary. Between May 7th and June 25th, 2011 – dubbed the “50 Days of Lulz” – Lulzsec attacked multinational corporations, gaming sites and sever-

BY THE LATE SPRING OF 2011, rumors were rampant within the hacktivist underground that the FBI, replicating the notorious Cointel program of the 1960s, had heavily infiltrated Anonymous chat rooms. Within Sabu’s tight circle, paranoia was particularly strong, and it intensified exponentially as the 50 days of Lulz drew to an end.

In late June, Lulzsec released hundreds of pages of sensitive information belonging to Arizona law enforcement accompanied by a lengthy announcement posted online titled “Chinga la Migra” – Fuck the Police. If the FBI’s assumptions are correct, this was Hammond’s first official criminal act as a member of Anonymous – and it was a radical departure from what had come before.

The statement led off with an illustration of an AK-47 and the slogan “Off the pigs.” The data dump – hundreds of private intelligence bulletins, training manuals, personal e-mails, names, phone numbers, addresses and passwords belonging to Arizona law enforcement, in-

longtime scribe, who had written every press release but these, was particularly shocked. “We don’t want to get police officers killed,” he told another Lulzsec member. “That’s not my kind of style.”

But Sabu was fine with the new rhetoric. “This is anarchy,” he told a colleague who worried the statements might turn people off from getting involved just at the time Anonymous was hoping to draw more people in. “The fact that we attack governments and corporations means that we don’t give a fuck about what others think.”

Sabu proudly declared Antisec to be a revolutionary movement and urged his tens of thousands of Twitter followers to join the cause. “Rise Up. Resist,” he posted, one of many virtual calls to war. No one doubted his authority or sincerity. “He was Sabu,” says one close associate. Even after some of his Lulzsec colleagues were arrested – including Topiary, who turned out to be an 18-year-old British citizen named Jake Davis – his supporters stayed true, as he did to them. “Thank those fallen Anons for taking the hits that will give the rest of you another day to fight,” he tweeted in July.

Sabu began working closely with a new, far quieter player in Antisec: a behind-

“SABU MADE IT SEEM LIKE YOU WERE IN THIS SUPERSECRET REVOLUTIONARY GROUP,” SAYS ONE HACKER. “HE PORTRAYED HIMSELF AS THIS UNDERGROUND HERO WHO WAS RISKING EVERYTHING TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE.”

al porn sites. Each action was announced with splashy, theatrical bits of PR: a fancifully worded press release and hyped-up Tweets, all designed to garner maximum attention. The media rushed to declare Lulzsec “cyber-vigilantes.” *New York* magazine would later describe them as the Internet’s “SEAL Team Six.”

The hacks were so spectacular, and came so fast, that few Anons noticed that Sabu went missing for a full 24 hours in June, something he’d never done before. When he returned to IRC, telling his crew that his grandmother had died, Lulzsec accepted it, though in retrospect something was different about him. “We immediately saw a change in his attitude,” recalls one former colleague. “He started really pushing the revolutionary rhetoric, trying to band everyone together by calling us ‘brothers’ and saying we were ‘all in this together’ and we were ‘family.’”

On June 19th, 2011, Sabu announced the launch of Operation Antisec, “the biggest, unified operation amongst hackers in history.” The declaration got Hammond’s attention, as did Antisec’s tantalizing lists of targets, including “banks and other high-ranking establishments.” Stuck in his Chicago house on a curfew, barred from real-life activism, Hammond couldn’t help himself. “It was like call-and-response,” he says.

cluding documents pertaining to the border patrol and counterterrorism efforts, and the use of confidential informants – was made in protest of the “racial profiling anti-immigrant police state that is Arizona.”

After Chinga la Migra #1, there was Chinga la Migra #2, #3 and #4 – all directed at Arizona, and later Texas, law enforcement; each one more radical sounding than the last. “Yes we’re aware that [releasing the personal information of police officers] risks their safety, those poor defenseless police officers who lock people up for decades, who get away with brutality and torture...who make and break their own laws as they see fit,” one missive read. “We are making sure they experience...the same kind of violence and terror they dish out on an every day basis.” It concluded: “We’re not stopping until every prisoner is freed and every prison is burned to the ground.”

Some Antisec members complained about the radical message. In her book on the rise and fall of Lulzsec, *We Are Anonymous*, author Parmy Olson recounts how some members squirmed under this new ideological rhetoric. Topiary, Lulzsec’s

the-scenes operator known to the larger crew as “anarchaos,” though the elite hackers with whom he worked called him “sup_g.” Highly dedicated, he was “basically the perfect storm of know-how, drive and ideology,” says one former activist. “He was by far the most knowledgeable hacker in Antisec, and he wasn’t afraid to get his hands dirty.” Together, he and Sabu were a formidable duo, though Sabu wasn’t taken very seriously by many black hats. “People in the scene treated him like he was just a talking head,” says one Anon. “I never felt that he was good for much other than networking.”

Most experienced hackers knew that Sabu wasn’t as talented as he purported to be. He had not, for example, hacked HB-Gary, as he claimed, but had only “social engineered” a password out of the company’s IT security manager. More troubling were persistent rumors of his having been compromised, even possibly arrested, after he was “doxed” by Jennifer Emick. But the newest member of Sabu’s inner circle didn’t seem to care. “Sup_g wasn’t very interested in all the drama. He just wanted action,” says one Antisec hacker. “But the thing is, you need to keep track

of the drama in Anonymous. Many times, following the drama can save your life."

The hackers of Antisec followed a strict code, often working in pairs and asking few questions of one another. Sup_g in particular seemed obsessed with his security, says one Anon who worked with him. "He gave very little personal information, was very adamant, even in private chats, about keeping stuff locked down until it was meant to be public – if it was ever meant to be public."

Like everyone else, he changed his nicknames frequently – "To make it more confusing to outside eyes," says one hacker – and could be brutal to those who got careless and called him by a previous name. But sup_g was far more cavalier in public channels. Though no one had claimed personal authorship of the Chinga la Migra statements, one longtime activist who read the postings connected them to a number of nicknames – notably "burn," a "straight-up anarchist-communist militant" – who had expressed many of the same sentiments, often in nearly identical language, on public IRC channels. Before long, "burn," along with "anarchaos" and two other nicknames, "o" and "credible threat," were the loudest and most passionate voices in the virtual world of IRC. Whomever was using these handles knew the finer points of finding food in dumpsters, had been in and out of jail, and was versed in anarchist theory as well as militant black-bloc tactics, having spent "upwards of a decade propagandizing for the people." And he wasn't afraid of being caught. "Prison's not bad," he said. "You do your time like a warrior, and emerge more trained and disciplined than before."

Other hackers grew concerned. "There was a point there where he started to just feel really proud about what he was doing," says one of sup_g's closest colleagues in Antisec, a hacker who would like to be known as "CC3." "Many times I said to him, 'Stay hidden. Don't show up too much on public channels.'" Sup_g assured him his security protocols were tight. "I said to him once, 'Please tell me you left the U.S.' and he said yes, he'd moved out. He said he was changing houses every week."

Hammond, of course, hadn't left Chicago. "I was in jail again," a persona named "tylerknowsthis" wrote in an August 2011 chat. "A dozen pigs raided my house and arrested me for a bag of sage – yes, sage." And, he added, he'd also "beaten a weed case" just seven months earlier.

Though Hammond refuses to admit that he ever used any of the nicknames

attributed to him, events in his own life track these chat room posts. He had been arrested seven months earlier for pot possession and held for three weeks in the Cook County jail while awaiting the result of the drug test. Then in July 2011, Hammond's house was raided again: This time it wasn't just the police but also the FBI. "They questioned me and my roommates, none of us talked, so I don't know what they were investigating," he says. He spent another three weeks in jail for a bag of sage, which the feds had mistaken for marijuana.



THE RINGLEADER

When Anonymous formed, it gave the streetwise hacker from New York named Sabu a mission – he urged others to "Rise Up. Resist."

When he got out, Hammond began to spend time with Occupy Chicago, and "burn" became active in OpBART, an Anonymous attack on the Bay Area Rapid Transit System. "Burn" also involved himself in Anonymous' dedicated Occupy Wall Street channel, which tried to strategize protests around the country. One day, Hammond's real and online lives collided when he met a digital-rights activist named Peter Fein, who met up with some protesters at Occupy Chicago. "I went down to Occupy one day, and I got to talking to people and mentioned that I did stuff with Anonymous. And this guy blurted out, 'Oh, yeah, I'm in Lulzsec,'" he says. "I thought, OK, either you're lying or an idiot. And that turned out to be Jeremy."

Hammond, who never told Fein his name, handed him some anarchist literature and two old issues of *Hack This Zine*, and began to talk about hacktivism. "I thought he was just another crazy from Anon. My sense was that he wanted recognition and credit, and you can't do that and be 'Anonymous,'" Fein says.

After Hammond was arrested and Fein saw his picture, he wasn't surprised. "From the moment I met Jeremy, I got the sense that he expected to go back to jail."

AS THE OCCUPY MOVEMENT became a national phenomenon last fall, Antisec hackers stepped up their activity: exposing sensitive documents belonging to more than 70 law-enforcement agencies, including the International Association of Chiefs of Police, in retaliation for the police crackdown against Occupy protesters. They even hacked the gmail accounts of a California cybercrime investigator, some of whose e-mails detailed the methods that cybercrime units use to catch hackers.

By this time, sup_g had become the dominant voice of the 10 or so core members of Antisec, and the most indefatigable member of the team. Most of the work of the group now went through him, including the writing of nearly all the press releases, as Sabu became increasingly unreliable. That summer, Sabu had disappeared from the Internet entirely after a rival hacker released his own dossier on Monsieur. In September, he returned, blazing with an even greater urgency. "Every room I was in that he was in, he was very pressure-oriented to get shit done," says one former Antisec member. "And it needed to be done within the day or he would start yelling at people."

Yet Sabu rarely got involved in actual hacks. By November, even Hammond had grown suspicious, says CC3, and he and several other Antisec members began to distance themselves. "We got tired of seeing Sabu never get his hands dirty," says CC3. "And at some point a few of us sat together in an IRC chat room and asked, 'Who has ever seen Sabu hack anything?' No one had."

But Sabu's core talent had always been as a fixer: bringing information provided to him by other hackers to people like sup_g, who could exploit it to the fullest. According to CC3, last November a hacker nobody knew told Sabu about a security hole in the website of a company called Strategic Forecasting Inc. Sabu handed that information to his team. Over the next few weeks, as his crew worked away, sup_g checked in with Sabu, giving him status updates. Needing a place to store the pilfered data, sup_g also accepted Sabu's offer to provide an external server, in New York. When the transfer was complete and Stratfor's website defaced, Sabu took to Twitter to announce the hack, and by Christmas the attack was all over the news.

The following day, Sabu logged on to IRC, entered a special chat room dubbed "#lulzmas" and sent a message to sup_g.

"Yo yo," he said.

"Hey, hombi," sup_g replied. "I been going hard all night."

"I heard we're all over the newspapers," said Sabu. "You motherfuckers are going to get me raided. HAHAHAAHA."

"Dude, it's big," sup_g said.

"If I get raided anarchaos," Sabu said, "your job is to cause havok [sic] in my honor." He added a heart – perhaps to deflect from the fact that he'd just casually linked one nickname with another. It was something he'd done a number of times: call sup_g by another name, which always prompted his partner to leave the chat. But this time, for unknown reasons – lapse of judgment, even the possibility that for just a moment he forgot who he was – sup_g didn't even flinch.

"It shall be so," he said.

(1) N THE WARM SUMMER night of June 7th, 2011, two weeks before Sabu began recruiting for Antisec, Hector Xavier Monsegur, was at home in his Avenue D apartment when he heard a knock at the door. Outside were two FBI agents claiming they had enough incriminating evidence pertaining to Monsegur's Anonymous hacking, as well as to a variety of real-life petty crimes, to put him away for 122 years.

Within hours Sabu had cut a deal and agreed to work for the FBI, rolling over on his Lulzsec comrades. Over the following nine months, he helped the government gather information, often working "literally around the clock" to build the case, according to official documents. He was, in the words of the federal prosecutor, a model informant.

"because, to use his words, 'you *will* be charged with conspiracy.' He said that to all of us who weren't involved in hacking."

Since the revelations, a few Anons have put together an Antisec timeline, convincingly arguing that given the date of Monsegur's arrest and conversion, June 7th-8th, 2011, and his subsequent announcement of his new hacker movement on June 19th, Antisec must have been created under the FBI's watch, intended as a honey pot to lure in a myriad of political hackers, most prominently Jeremy Hammond. "I think when his name popped up in this investigation, the FBI rubbed their hands together in glee," says cyberinvestigator Steve Rambam. "They were endlessly delighted when he fell into the net."

The government's case against Hammond revolves around the nicknames he is said to have used at various times over the past year. (Neither the Justice Department nor the FBI, citing the ongoing nature of the investigation, will comment beyond their initial press release announcing the arrests.) Hammond's attorneys tell me they are in possession of nearly a terabyte of discovery material – some 20,000 bankers boxes, the equivalent of half a research library of reading material – with potentially more to come. But Hammond has been effectively locked out of his own defense. He can only view the material in the presence of his lawyers and he cannot use prison computers

period of time," Mueller said. In early October, Defense Secretary Leon Panetta, arguing for stricter laws against hacking, warned that the country is in a "pre-9/11 moment."

But some worry about what that crackdown will cost. "In this country there is an impenetrable cloud of secrecy over what the government and corporations do," says Michael Ratner, president emeritus of the Center for Constitutional Rights, and the attorney for Julian Assange, whose name was mentioned more than 2,000 times in the Stratfor e-mails. "Whatever technical crimes the government claims have been committed must be weighed against the good that comes from lifting the veil on corporate and government spying and corruption. We should not punish the courageous people that exposed it."

As the information contained within the Stratfor e-mails continues to leak out – the most recent suggests that the U.S. worked with the Mexican Sinaloan cartel to limit the violence in Mexico, while also allowing drugs to flow over the border – Antisec went quiet with the exception of two hacks, most recently in September, when Antisec re-emerged to announce the leak of over a million Apple user IDs they claimed were stolen from an FBI laptop. In their statement, written without the panache of those Hammond is believed to have penned, the group paid tribute to its jailed comrade as an "ideological [sic] motivated political dissident" in the same camp as Bradley Manning.

MANY IN ANONYMOUS NOW BELIEVE THAT UNDER THE FBI'S WATCH, SABU CREATED HIS HACKING CREW AS A HONEY POT TO LURE IN ACTIVISTS LIKE HAMMOND.

News of Monsegur's role as a snitch broke on the same day as the news of Hammond's arrest. At first Anons denied that such a betrayal could be true. But after Sabu's indictment and guilty plea were leaked to the press, shock quickly turned to anger, and sadness. "I just can't bring myself to hate him," says one Antisec hacker. "We will never know the extent that the FBI went to turn him into a traitor."

Some members of Anonymous would say they knew it all along. "I always sensed he was a fraud," Christopher Doyon, an Anon who goes by the name "Commander X," told me last spring. "All of that was put on to please the feds, and all I can say is that they goddamn better put the fucker in witness protection," he adds. "What really makes me want to kill him is that he did all of it so he could send these poor kids to prison."

Not everyone was trapped, however. According to several Anons, Sabu protected those he knew wouldn't be useful to the FBI. One Antisec member recalls that Sabu encouraged him and a number of others to leave the Antisec channel

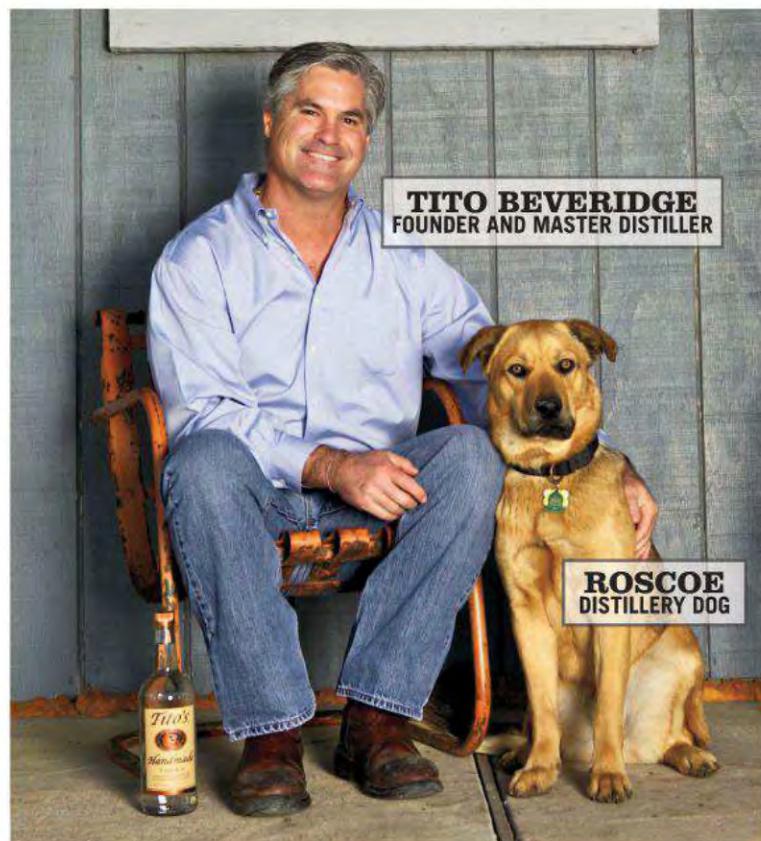
to do legal research, even though they are not connected to the Internet ("It's like they think he's some kind of wizard who can magically get online no matter what," says one person associated with the case). It could take years for him to review all of the discovery material.

So far, all of the alleged Lulzsec hackers, who have been arrested have pleaded guilty or are soon expected to. Hammond has not, but even if he were to accept a plea, it is likely he will spend many years in prison. Two days after Hammond's arrest, on March 7th, 2012, FBI Director Robert Mueller, who has frequently said that cyberthreat will soon overtake terrorism as the bureau's top priority, warned Congress that terrorists might recruit politically motivated hackers like Hammond into launching cyberattacks against the U.S. "You want to identify the individuals who are responsible for these crimes, investigate them, prosecute them and put them in jail for a substantial pe-

Then the group went quiet again – and may remain so for a while. "We're focusing less on defacement and more on quietly taking over infrastructure," says the hacktivist who calls himself CC3. "And right now, the FBI doesn't have a clue about what we're doing – which is good."

Although Hammond's contribution was huge, some within Anonymous were happy to see him go. ("I wonder if Sabu did us a favor by cleansing Anonymous of the more radical elements," one member told me.) But even those who disagreed with Jeremy Hammond appreciate his value; those who sided with him feel his loss even more poignantly. "He pissed a lot of people off with his anarchist talk, but he was the real thing," says CC3. "He fought for what he believed his whole life. He was an idealist who even after being jailed, kept fighting at every occasion, and he never betrayed himself. Not many people can say they have never betrayed themselves."

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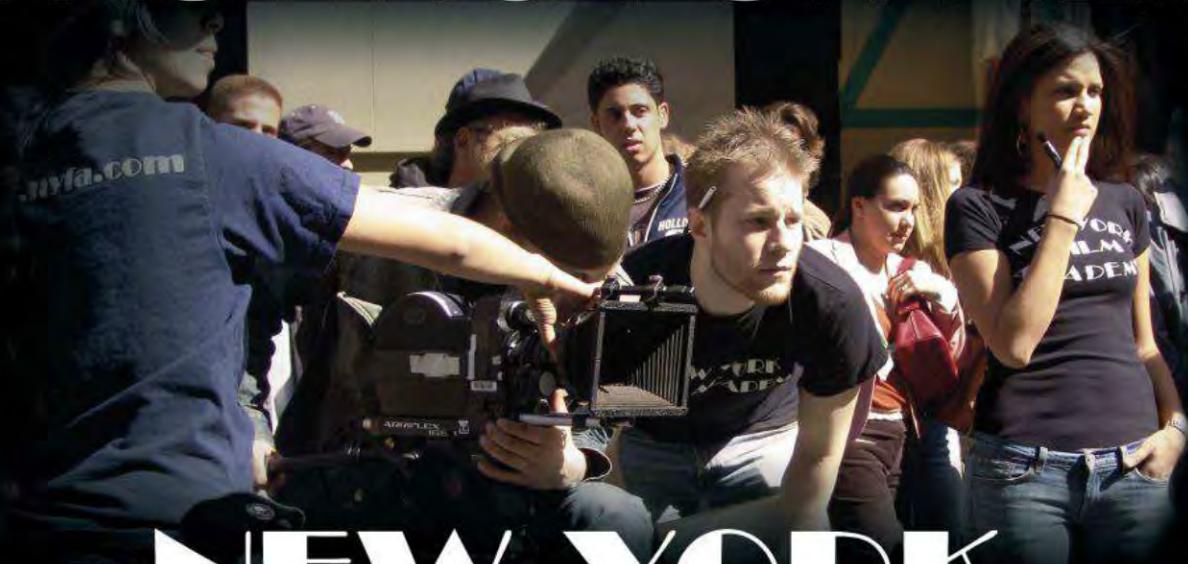
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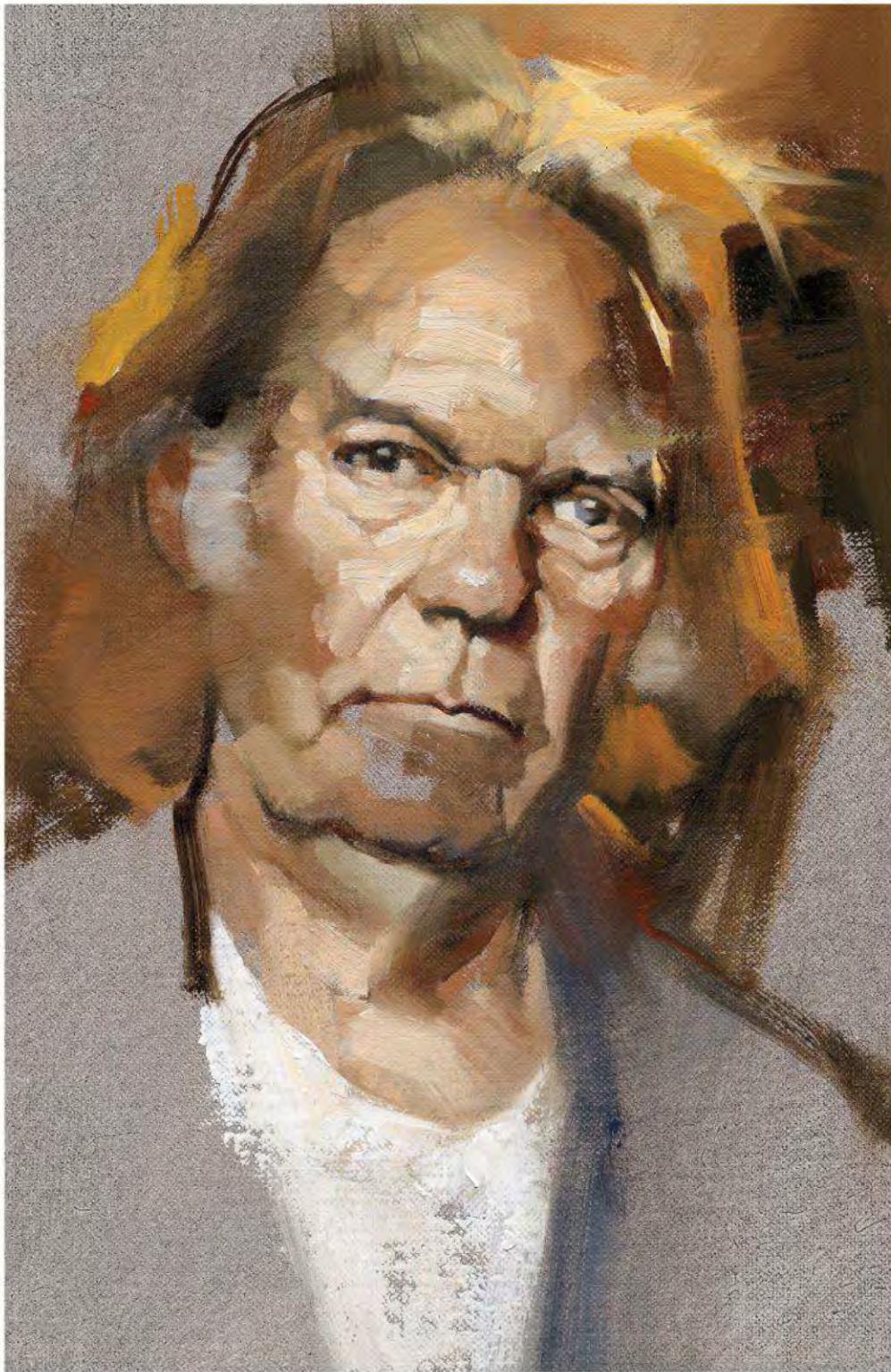
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Reviews

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Fuzz and Fury on Planet Neil



Neil lets *Crazy Horse* run free for an LP of garage glory, moving memoir and unbridled anger



Neil Young and *Crazy Horse*

Psychedelic Pill Reprise



BY DAVID FRICKE

For Neil Young, the Sixties never ended. The music, memories and changes haunt his best songs and records like bittersweet perfume: vital, endlessly renewing inspirations that are also constant, enraging reminders of promises broken and ideals betrayed. In "Twisted Road," one of eight new songs sprawled across this turbulent two-CD set, Young recalls, in a brilliantly mixed metaphor, the first time he heard Bob Dylan's "Like a Rolling Stone": "Poetry rolling off his tongue/Like Hank Williams chewing bubble gum." And Young tells you what he did with the impact. "I felt that magic and took it home/Gave it a twist and made it mine," he sings over *Crazy Horse*'s rough-country swagger, as if the marvel of that time and his dreams are still close enough to touch.

So are the mess and his dismay. *Psychedelic Pill* is Young's second album of 2012 with the Horse, his perfectly unpolished garage band of 43 years, and it has the roiling honesty and brutal exuberance of their best records together. This one opens with a special perversity: the thumping 27-minute fuzz-box trance of "Driftin' Back." Young, on lead guitar, spits feedback and throttles his whammy bar

for long, mad stretches over rhythm guitarist Frank Sampedro's trusty two-chord support and the rock-infantry march of bassist Billy Talbot and drummer Ralph Molina. Every six or so minutes, Young's cracked yelp cuts through the tumult, spiking the flashback in the dreamy chorus with a contemporary disgust for tech-giant greed and the lousy sound of MP3s, whose shitty fidelity is "blockin' out my anger/Blockin' out my thoughts."

There is, in fact, no mistaking Young's mood. For most of its near-90 minutes, *Psychedelic Pill* is an infuriated trip: long tracks of barbed-guitar jamming and often surrealistic ire ("Gonna get me a hip-hop haircut," he sneers, to no apparent sense, in "Driftin' Back") interrupted by short bursts of warming bliss. It is a weirdly compelling seesaw. "Psychedelic Pill" is a Day-Glo-angel twist on "Cinnamon Girl" coated, in the first of two versions here, with jet-engine-like phasing. But then comes "Ramada Inn," 17 minutes of broiling guitars and stressed affection in which Young examines a love that has somehow stayed alive long after the high times turned into routine and basic daily needs.

Even the sweet stuff is spiked. In the cheerful country funk of "Born in Ontario," Young admits he writes songs "to make sense of my inner rage." Yet he keeps finding hope in there. "Me and some of my friends/We were going to save the world....But then the weather changed...and it breaks my heart," Young confesses through black clouds of distortion in "Walk Like a Giant," dogged by the mocking whistle of the Horse. A big closing chunk of the song's 16 minutes is Young's idea of a giant marching through ruin: thunderclap drums and hacking-cough chords. But the real end hints at rebirth: a cleansing coda of wordless acid-choir sunshine. Young may feel like the last hippie standing, but he still sounds like a guy who believes the dreaming is not done.

LISTEN NOW!

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Taylor's Great Pop Adventure

Swedish hooks, folky meditations and a touch of dubstep: Swift goes all out on fourth album

Taylor Swift *Red* Big Machine ★★★½



Like Kanye West, Taylor Swift is a turbine of artistic ambition and superstar drama. So it's no surprise she manages to make her fourth album both her Joni Mitchell-influenced maturity binge and her Max Martin-abetted pop move – and have it seem not just inevitable but natural.

Red is a 16-song geyser of willful eclecticism that's only tangentially related to Nashville (much like Swift herself at this point). The album pinballs from the U2-tinged liftoff of "State of Grace" to the dubstep-y teen pop of "I Knew You Were Trouble" to "The Last Time," a sad piano duet with Gary Lightbody of Snow Patrol. Swift's bedrock is driving, diaristic post-country rock – see the breakup flashback "All Too Well," where she drops the great image of "dancing around the kitchen in the refrigerator light" with her ex.

Part of the fun is watching Swift find her pony-footing on Great Songwriter Mountain. She often succeeds in joining the Joni/Carole King tradition of stark-relief emotional mapping: "Loving him is like trying to change your mind once you're already flying through the free fall," she sings on the simile-monsoon title track, where banjos and vocoders make out like third cousins. But whether she's real-talking Jake Gyllenhaal ("We Are Never Ever Getting Back Together") or fantasizing about crashing "a yacht-club party" that sounds uncannily like the Kennedy bash she attended with her current future-ex-boyfriend Conor ("Starlight"), her self-discovery project is one of the best stories in pop. When she's really on, her songs are like tattoos. **JON DOLAN**



Various Artists

The Man With the Iron Fists: Original Motion Picture Soundtrack Soul Temple

★★★

Wu-Tang, Kanye, Black Keys offer grab bag of styles, swagger

The martial-arts epic *The Man With the Iron Fists* is the RZA's directorial debut – although, figuratively speaking, the beat wizard has been making kung-fu movies for as long as the Wu-Tang Clan existed. The soundtrack is not as evocatively cinematic as the Wu's greatest songs, but it's a tasty mixtape – a blend of vintage R&B, neosoul and hip-hop, featuring Kanye West, Pusha T and many Wu members. The Black Keys bring scuzz funk to "The Baddest Man Alive," setting a grainy-film-stock 1970s vibe that's sustained throughout – even when Kanye is bragging about jet-setting and name-dropping Kurt Cobain.

JODY ROSEN



The Coup

Sorry to Bother You Anti-

★★★

Lefty rap's strongest voice wigs out with punk rock, accordions

You will not hear a finer accordion solo on a rap record this year than the one in the Coup's "We've Got a Lot to Teach You, Cassius Green." The song also has 2012's most furious washboard solo, and its most wild-eyed indictment of corporate oligarchy: "The assistant crouched at the monster's feet ... in a puddle of urine and meat." The Coup's sixth LP is stuffed to the gills: with Boots Riley's radical politics and conceptual lyrics; with unexpected guests (Jolie Holland, Japanner); with punk beats. It's an admirably ambitious mix, often a bit too unruly. But when Riley gets it right – "The Magic Clap," a buzzy mix of Motown, punk clamor and "Hey Ya!" – it's novelty music in the best sense.

J.R.

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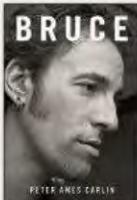
The Springsteen Saga

Bio is packed with stories from E Streeters, family and Bruce himself - but parts of his one-of-a-kind journey defy explanation

Bruce

Peter Ames Carlin

Simon & Schuster ★★★★



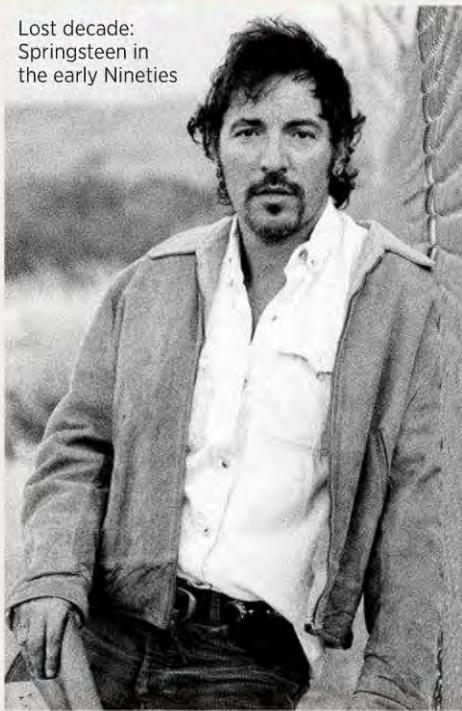
Bruce Springsteen remains one of rock & roll's mystery men - there aren't any other stories like this one. It sounds like his soul is entirely exposed in

his music, yet nobody understands how he does it. The past decade has been his most prolific period ever, and the man has spent 2012 slaying crowds for nearly four hours a night. He's driven to keep re-earning his legend from scratch, proving it all night every night. He just turned 63.

To tell this story, Bruce interviews Springsteen and his circle. Steven Van Zandt mentions that he and Springsteen have never discussed whether "Bobby Jean" is about their relationship; in the middle of the *River* sessions, Max Weinberg was ordered to take *drum lessons*. (You'd be amazed how many unintentionally comic grudges Garry Tallent has collected over the years.) And Clarence Clemons, interviewed shortly before his death, recalls the 1988 Amnesty International tour in Africa: "It was the first time I ever saw more than one black person at Bruce's concerts.... The jacaranda trees were blooming in purple, and I was like, Wow! Purple trees and no white people! This must be heaven!"

Springsteen is as candid as always, yet the mysteries of his life remain tantalizingly unrevealed. Most rock stars had their lost decade in the Eighties; Springsteen

Lost decade:
Springsteen in
the early Nineties

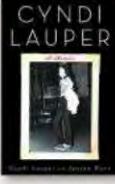


had his in the Nineties, when he dissolved his band and moved to Hollywood, feeling "Bruced out." It was pop culture's most rock-friendly era, yet he sat most of it out. Then he reunited his band, discovered anti-depressants and got back to work. So how did this admitted loner, who spent his formative years in hotels, write such intense songs about relationships? And how did he end up forging one of rock's most enduring marriages? Part of the charm of Bruce is that he doesn't pretend to understand it much better than his fans do. Somehow, he just has to stand back and let it all be.

ROB SHEFFIELD

Cyndi Lauper: Still Unusual

Cyndi Lauper: A Memoir Cyndi Lauper With Jancee Dunn Atria ★★★½



Cyndi Lauper will be the first person to tell you she has no filter - it's a common refrain in

this memoir, written with ROLLING STONE contributor Jancee Dunn. But Lauper's unwillingness to fit into a pop-world box was a large part of what propelled her

to MTV ubiquity after the release of her 1983 debut, *She's So Unusual*. It's also a big reason her book is so readable - a memoir that, like her music, balances effervescent fun with heart-on-sleeve candor. She tells her life story with a frank brio, from her hard-bitten Queens origins to her label struggles to her work on behalf of gay rights, sizzling asides about other

pop stars (including Bruce Springsteen, whom she annoys to no end at a 1987 Seder dinner), Catholic imagery, and her matter-of-fact brand of feminism - essentially, *Whaddya mean I'm a second-class citizen because I'm a woman?* The result doesn't feel like an autobiography so much as a long, loud, deeply interesting chat over coffee.

MAURA JOHNSTON

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**Kiss***Monster* UMe**Glam gods stay classy and keep stomping forward**

"Out in the streets/Takin' all the heat/Dancin' in the sheets," Kiss sing, describing either public sex or a funky Klan rally. They didn't spend much time thinking about it, and neither should you. Kiss' 20th LP draws from their bottomlessly shallow cesspool of comfortably dumb cowbell-glam wham-bam—with stewardess sex, married groupies and "The Devil Is Me," where Gene Simmons low-talks like the smoothest used-car salesman in hell.

JON DOLAN

**Rick Ross***The Black Bar Mitzvah*

Self-released

**Victory-lap mixtape has borrowed hits, boss-size visions**

The Black Bar Mitzvah is a perfect title for a Rick Ross mixtape: His vision of playalistic splendor has always been the stuff of 13-year-old-boy fantasy. He stomps triumphantly over Kanye's "Mercy" and 2 Chainz' "Birthday," and re-caps his recent micro-brawl with Young Jeezy: "Let me get back to my bitches, 'cause you bitch niggas ain't nothing"—even when reality creeps in, he's a superhero.

J.D.

**Ultraísta***Temporary Residence***Radiohead producer steps up with hot and heady grooves**

You'd expect an album involving Nigel Godrich, the Radiohead collaborator-superproducer, and Joey Waronker, drummer for Beck, R.E.M. and many others, to be full of dazzling arrangements and killer beats. And so it is. Memorable songs? Not so much. But Laura Bettinson's vocals bounce around prettily, another cool ingredient in a krautrock-Afrobeat stew that sounds better each time you notch up the volume.

W.H.



Boston bad boys ride again: Tom Hamilton, Perry, Tyler, Joey Kramer, Whitford (from left)

Aerosmith's Return: Big Riffs, Weird Choices

Comeback album rocks with a now-signature mix of power-ballad goop and guitar-hero glory

Aerosmith *Music From Another Dimension*

Columbia ★★★



And just like that, Steven Tyler's solo career seems like a strange dream we all had. The Aerosmith reunion album is the first collection of new tunes the bad boys from Boston have managed since 2001. Nobody knows why Aerosmith can't seem to do anything the easy way—you'd think these five guys could knock out an Aerosmith album in their sleep. (And it wouldn't be the first time they made a record that way.) But that's all just part of their long-running mystique as rock & roll's ultimate dysfunctional family.

The usual forehead-slapping decisions are here: goopy Eighties production, tired synth horns, a Diane Warren ballad. "Tell Me" aims for the slow-jam style of their Alicia Silverstone years, and "Street Jesus" re-writes "Toys in the Attic." Sometimes it's easy to hear that Tyler and his bandmates aren't on the same page, or the same planet. When he duets with his fellow *American Idol* alum Carrie Underwood for "Can't Stop Loving You" (rhymes with "because it's all I wanna do"), it sounds like the rest of Aerosmith is off hiding in the next studio.

The best thing about *Music From Another Dimension* is the chance to hear Joe Perry and Brad Whitford play guitar—always the best thing about any Aerosmith album. "LUV XXX," despite the dippy title, revives the *Rock*-style riff glory no other band can replicate. Best song by a mile: "Legendary Child," where they take on their own legacy, looking back musically and emotionally, as Tyler concludes, "We got that golden fleece from tokin' on that pipe o' peace."

KEY TRACKS:
"LUV XXX,"
"Legendary
Child"

ROB SHEFFIELD

**Iris DeMent***Sing the Delta* Flariella**Arkansas homegirl shows off singular voice, keeps it real**

Iris DeMent's voice has mellowed in the 20 years since her gorgeous debut, *Infamous Angel*, but it remains a wonder of genuine country music, with a vibrato-infused twang that purrs and bucks. Centered mainly on piano chords that conjure family rooms and little white churches, these artisanal songs of love and doubt wear their homeliness proudly; the effect is like finding a bountiful farm stand in the middle of nowhere.

WILL HERMES

**Tim Vocals***Live From Harlem* Self-released**R&B talent blends street-crime grit with soulman sweetness**

This Harlem singer is an Internet sensation with a novel shtick: crooning profane tales of thug life and drug-peddling in a lilting, feather-light tenor. His debut mixtape repurposes hip-hop and R&B hits past and present, and proves Vocals can wring maximum irony from his clash of sweet and sour. "Every night I be livin' that trap life," he coos. The tune? Michael Jackson's "Human Nature."

JODY ROSEN

**Various Artists***Only 4 U: The Sound of Cajmere & Cajual Records, 1992-2012* Strut**Fun, funny, freaky collection of pioneering house music**

Curtis A. Jones is one of house music's prime architects, recording as Cajmere and running Chicago's Cajual Records. Sometimes this overview is freaky, as on Cajmere's "Percolator," which kicked off a Chicago dance craze. And sometimes it's moving, as with Cajmere and Jamie Principal's "LaLaLaLaLa," full of straight-up God talk.

MICHAELANGELO MATOS

TOP SINGLES

Green Day's New Sugar Shot

Green Day "Stray Heart" ★★★½

On this nugget from *iDOS!* – the forthcoming second installment in Green Day's trilogy of albums – Billie Joe Armstrong makes like a boy idol over Fifties-tinged blitzkrieg bubblegum, unironically crooning fluffy school-age angst like "Ohhh, you're the only one that I'm dreaming of/Your precious heart." The buoyant bass line is a direct nick from the Jam's blue-eyed mod classic "Town Called Malice," and the feral-wolverine guitars raise rockabilly Hades all over your bedroom. The focused ruckus suggests *iDOS!* will continue *iUno!*'s trick of trading dystopian Seventies-style rock opera for Sixties-style rock & roll idealism. It's not their most high-concept experiment, but it's a pretty fun one.

JON DOLAN



Blitzkrieg
bubblegum:
Green Day

Jack White Turns Into a Goth-Blues Mad Scientist

Jack White "Blues on Two Trees" ★★★★



Take a victory lap, Jack – you've just come up with the meanest, most riotously fucked-up thing of your career: The B side to "Shakin'" is a goth-blues funeral procession shambling through a banshee forest of cackle and drone. The stumble-stomp drumming falls apart beautifully, and White's witchy-boy singing is

genuinely unhinged: "Why don't you leave me alone and love a tree!" he shouts. White may be down on love, but at least he's eco-friendly.

J.D.

Elvis and Lisa Marie Duet Across the Decades

Elvis and Lisa Marie Presley

"I Love You Because" ★★★★



The soundtrack to a video commemorating the 35th anniversary of Elvis' death, this is essentially a reissue of the sweetly sentimental country ballad from his self-titled 1956 debut – until just past the halfway point, when his daughter's harmonies float in. Lisa Marie starts out tentative, almost sheepish.

But the emotional communion of it settles in, and just like Natalie and Nat King Cole's "Unforgettable," it becomes a legit tear-jerker.

WILL HERMES

SHORT CUTS

How to Destroy Angels

"Keep It Together" ★★★

Trent Reznor can still worm his way into your heart and make your skin crawl at the same time. This track with his band How to Destroy Angels coasts on a torpid, mutant-slinky beat, but when he and wife Mariqueen Maandig repeat the title over and over, it's creepily sweet – like they're holding each other through a dark, sweaty night of the soul.

J.D.

T.I. feat.
Lil Wayne

"Ball" ★★★

On the new single off his forthcoming *Trouble Man*, T.I. – whose post-prison enterprises have included a crime novel and a role in the cable drama *Boss* – barrels for the dance floor, elbows flying. As contained and confident as ever, T.I. doesn't so much elabo-

rate on the song's slogan ("This club so packed/These ho's so drunk") as let you know how at home he feels.

NICK CATUCCI

Teena Marie

"Luv Letter" ★★★½

Voluptuously highlighting "the way I mix my metaphors" and quoting "Please Mr. Postman" over a full-bodied electro-funk groove, Lady T's posthumous album teaser exemplifies the eccentric richness lost with her 2010 passing. "Might just make you cry," she predicts, rightly. "Read it and weep."

CHUCK EDDY

Bat for Lashes

"We Found Love" ★★★½

In the wake of Coldplay's piano-rock version, Natasha Khan turns Rihanna's R&B rave anthem into a slow-motion ballad, stripping it to little more than a funereal drumbeat and bass. Bleak, and beautiful.

WILL HERMES

BOOTLEGS

Fiona Apple

The Paramount,
Huntington, New York

October 13th, 2012

It's easy to understand why Fiona Apple decided to not play "Criminal" on this night: Just over three weeks before, she'd spent a night in a Texas jail for hash and weed possession. But this club gig shows no signs of lingering trauma, as Apple spits out the lyrics to classics like "Shadowboxer" with a mix of venom and vulnerability. The set closes with a cover of Conway Twitty's mournful 1958 classic "It's Only Make Believe," which brings the crowd to a hushed silence. This tour just wrapped. Here's hoping she won't disappear for another six years.

ANDY GREENE

Morrissey

Radio City Music Hall,
New York

October 10th, 2012

Fans know what to expect from a Morrissey solo show these days: a sprinkling of Smiths classics, plus 1990s solo hits, random covers and a few superdeep cuts to delight the hardcores. That was the basic playbook here, but since Morrissey wasn't touring in support of a new LP, there was more room for fun. No one seemed psyched for the tiresome "Meat Is Murder," but "I Know It's Over" was as beautiful and sad as it was when he first sang it in 1986. Moz squeezed 19 songs into 90 minutes, from "Everyday Is Like Sunday" to a Morrisseyified cover of "To Give (The Reason I Live)," by Frankie Valli. The Smiths are never, ever getting back together, but shows like this make that fact easier to swallow.

A.G.



LISTEN NOW! Hear these songs and more hot new tracks at rollingstone.com/songs.

Kendrick Lamar

Dre protégé navigates urban jungle with ace storytelling, retro grooves

good kid, m.A.A.d city Top Dawg/Aftermath/Interscope ★★★★

The title "Next Big Rapper" has been a curse as often as a blessing. But on the major-label debut by Dr. Dre protégé Kendrick Lamar, the Compton, California, MC wears it lightly, like a favorite hoodie. The album opens as if in midsentence, in brisk conversational mode – "I met her at the house party on El Segundo and Central" – and never slows, gusting through dense narratives and thicket of internal rhymes. Lamar is an unlikely star: a storyteller, not a braggart or punch-line rapper, setting spiritual yearnings and moral dilemmas against a backdrop of gang violence and police brutality. The plush production of tracks like the Neptunes-produced centerpiece "good kid" hearkens back to Seventies blaxploitation soundtracks and Nineties gangsta-rap blaxploitation revivals, and *good kid* warrants a place in that storied lineage. Every so often, Lamar lets loose a wild boast – "I pray my dick get big as the Eiffel Tower/So I can fuck the world for 72 hours" – but the triumphalism feels warranted. **JODY ROSEN**

KEY TRACKS: "Compton," "Backseat Freestyle"



KEY FACTS

HOMETOWN Compton, California

BACKSTORY Lamar, a member of the Black Hippy crew (with fellow L.A. luminaries Schoolboy Q and Ab-Soul), caught the attention of Snoop Dogg and Dr. Dre with his 2011 debut; Dre helped produce *good kid*.

FORMATIVE MOMENT At nine, Lamar got to watch Tupac Shakur and Dr. Dre shoot the video for "California Love."

STUDIO NOTES

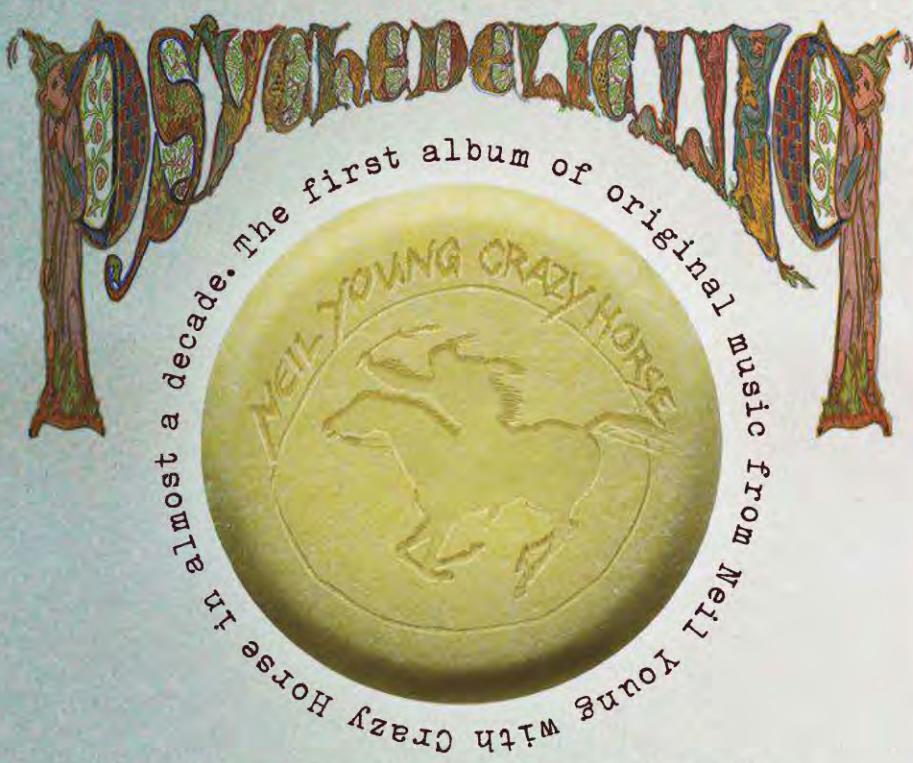
Replacements Reunite for EP

THE REPLACEMENTS HAVE RECORDED their first new material together since 2006. In late September, singer Paul Westerberg and bassist Tommy Stinson spent a day in a Minneapolis studio cutting four tunes for a limited-edition vinyl EP to benefit Replacements guitarist Slim Dunlap, who suffered a major stroke this year. (Drummer Chris Mars contributed a separate track to the EP.) "Tommy and I strapped on guitars, not a word was said, and bang," Westerberg says. "We still rock like murder." Could more new material be on the way? Adds Westerberg, "After playing with Tommy, I was thinking, 'All right, let's knock out a record like this.'"



Westerberg

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Trent Reznor's New Groove

THREE YEARS AFTER TRENT REZNOR put Nine Inch Nails on hiatus, his latest side project is proving its staying power. How to Destroy Angels – which Reznor formed with his wife, singer Mariqueen Maandig, and composer Atticus Ross – are following up their 2010 debut EP with a new six-song EP called *An omen*, due out November 13th. "We've been working on some visuals to accompany it," Reznor says. "We're trying to have fun with it." He's also finishing up How to Destroy Angels' full-length debut, due out early next year. Adds Reznor, "There's been a ton of stuff happening under the covers."

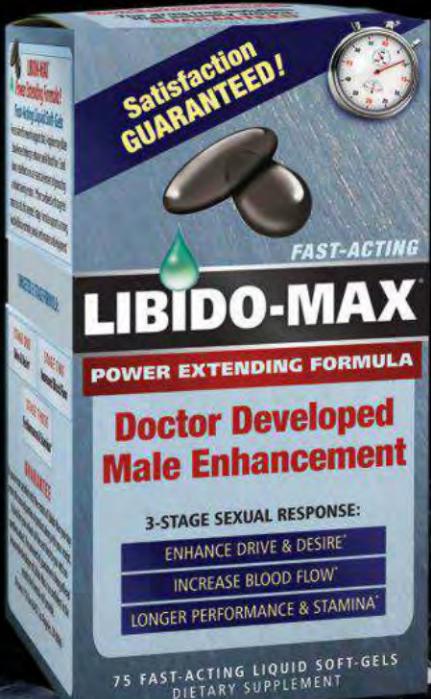


Reznor

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: DAN MONICK; MARC NORBERG; JONATHAN LEIBSON/WIREIMAGE



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FALLEN IDOL
Washington endures an emotional crash landing.

Denzel Flies High

After a decade of safe choices, Denzel Washington soars to a new career peak as a booze-hound commercial airline pilot who thinks he gives passengers a safer ride the drunker he is By Peter Travers

Flight

Denzel Washington

Directed by Robert Zemeckis

★★★½

FIRST LESSON LEARNED from *Flight*: Never take Denzel Washington for granted. After making his bones with *Glory*, *Malcolm X* and *The Hurricane*, and winning a Best Actor Oscar for 2001's *Training Day*, Washington settled into a groove of action films (*Safe House*, *Unstoppable*). With the exception of 2007's incisive *American Gangster*, they relied more on his star power than his acting skills. *Flight* reminds us of what Washington can do when a role hits him with a challenge that would floor a lesser actor. He's a ball of fire, and his detailed, depth-charged, bruisingly true performance will be talked about for years.

Washington, 57, plays Capt. Whip Whitaker, a commercial

pilot with a jones for hooch and blow, on the job as well as off. His marriage is a casualty, along with his relationship with his only son. Can Whip stay up all night doing drinks, drugs and sex with a hottie flight attendant (Nadine Velazquez) and still make his 9 a.m. flight to Atlanta? He can. Can he sneak vodka on board in an orange juice container and still fly in a blinding rainstorm? He can.

But do you want him to? That's the big question that Washington, screenwriter John Gatins and director Robert Zemeckis keep working like a wound. After Zemeckis spent the past 12 years experimenting with performance-capture animation (*Polar Express*, yikes!), it's good

to have him back in the live-action arena he deserted after *Cast Away*. *Flight* is Zemeckis at his most emotionally open and thematically provocative.

It also comes on like gang-busters. In the white-knuckle opener, Zemeckis nails us to our seats as a hungover Whip dozes, much to the horror of God-fearing co-pilot Ken Evans (Brian Geraghty). The suspense tightens when the jet's hydraulics fail and Whip



SEXUAL HEALING
Washington, Reilly

– roused from his stupor by a line of coke – must literally turn the plane upside down to make an emergency landing. The raw panic is palpable. But what astonishes is Whip's unflappable cool, born of a lifetime on the job and, just maybe, Dutch courage. The sequence is a marvel of technical wizardry. But Zemeckis never lets FX crush the story's human scale. Six lives were lost on this flight. But 96 more were saved because Whip was flying high.

That is the ethical tightrope that *Flight* walks with keen intelligence. Whip is cheered as a hero, since 10 other pilots failed to duplicate his feat in simulations. Ironically, that fact enables him to drink more. He's invincible! Nicole (Kelly Reilly), a recovering junkie, shares his bed and tries to steer him toward rehab. But a shot at going cold turkey leads to the inevitable relapse.

Whip is a pawn. The airline and the pilots union want a cover-up. A hotshot lawyer (Don Cheadle) is hired to spin reports of Whip's high-octane blood-alcohol level at the crash site. At a public hearing, the head prosecutor (a superb Melissa Leo, her honeyed voice a lethal weapon) is determined to make someone accountable for those six lives lost. How can Whip get through an interrogation, especially the morning after a killer bender? The same way he landed the jet, with a little help from his dealer friend Harling (John Goodman, vividly funny and scary as a force of Dr. Feelgood nature).

At the hearing, Zemeckis has only to train his sights on Washington as he captures a soul in free fall. You might bitch that *Flight* levels off after its shocking, soaring start. But you'd be missing the point of an exceptional entertainment that Zemeckis shades into something quietly devastating – not an addiction drama, but the deeper spectacle of a man facing the truth about himself. God isn't Whip's co-pilot. His jet even clipped off the steeple of a church on its way down. Whip is a man alone. And all you need to know about him is mirrored in Washington's eyes. Zemeckis couldn't invent a digital effect to match an image that hypnotic, that haunting.

Cloud Atlas

Tom Hanks, Halle Berry

Directed by Lana Wachowski, Tom Tykwer, Andy Wachowski

★★½

IT'S ELATING TO WATCH FILM-makers you admire take on the impossible. David Mitchell's 2004 novel *Cloud Atlas* is an uphill battle incarnate. And nobody makes it to the top. A sprawling literary opus that tells six stories that range across continents from the 19th century to the post-apocalyptic future is a killer to squeeze into one movie, even a movie that runs nearly three hours. So naturally the Wachowski siblings, Andy and Lana (the former Larry, now identifying as female), took the dare. And the *Matrix* creators brought along their *Run Lola Run* buddy Tom Tykwer to share the writing and directing. The trio started by casting starry actors, led by Tom Hanks, Halle Berry and Hugh Grant, in a multitude of roles. Just the cost of all the latex and prosthetics must have dented the reported \$100 million budget (check out Berry above in that Fu Manchu mustache). Like Mitchell's book, the laudable attempt is to show we're all connected. But audiences may only unite in their confusion. At one point, Hanks – playing what I believe is a tattooed Polynesian tribesman of the future – pleads in pidgin English, "Tell me the true true." OK, then. For all the spectacular settings and visionary designs, *Cloud Atlas* left me feeling disconnected. Sad. But that's the true true.

Holy Motors

Denis Lavant, Eva Mendes, Kylie Minogue, Edith Scob

Directed by Leos Carax

★★★½

THOSE FEARLESS SOULS WHO took on the futile task of filming *Cloud Atlas* have nothing on Leos Carax. The French writer and director of the wondrous and wicked *Holy Motors* has met the challenge of

filming the visions dancing and dueling inside his own internally exploding head. Love him or hate him, Carax does Carax brilliantly. From 1984's *Boy Meets Girl* and 1991's *Les Amants du Pont-Neuf* through his last film, 1999's hugely divisive *Pola X*, Carax goes his own artful way with a talent that

sieur Oscar, Lavant begins his work in Paris by climbing into a white stretch limo chauffeured by loyal Céline (a mesmeric Edith Scob). Each stop will require Oscar, with the help of wardrobe and makeup in the back seat, to transform himself into a variety of characters – a power broker, a

ing – a man reunited with a former amour (Aussie pop star Kylie Minogue) in a deserted department store that becomes the setting for a musical interlude of surpassing loveliness. Minogue's singing of the emotive "Who Were We," co-written by Carax, makes a gorgeous coda to a movie that's drunk on its own movie love. Don't be afraid to leap into the wild blue of Carax's untamable imagination. *Holy Motors*, fueled by pure feeling, is a dream of a movie you want to get lost in. It's a thing of beauty.

Wreck-It Ralph

John C. Reilly, Sarah Silverman, Jane Lynch

Directed by Rich Moore

★★★

THERE'S BEEN A RASH OF RECENT movies fired up with imaginative risk. And the 3D computer-animated *Wreck-It Ralph* is one of them. Big props to director Rich Moore, making the switch to features after knocking it out of the park on *The Simpsons* and *Futurama*. Moore brings a video junkie's passion to the movie game, and it's hilariously infectious.

The plot pivots on a crisis of conscience for Wreck-It Ralph (voiced by John C. Reilly), an arcade-video-game villain for 30 years. Ralph has been making life hell for the good-guy protagonist of *Fix*

It Felix Jr. (Jack McBrayer). Now, big Ralph wants to turn nice guy. So he starts jumping into other video games, trying to play hero. It's not an easy fit.

He wins over tough Sgt. Calhoun, spoken with that distinctive Jane Lynch growl, by turning the tough-talking DI into a woman in love. It's a rougher road to win over little Vanellope von Schweetz, who works a game about desserts. She looks like a sweetie, but Sarah Silverman puts a tang in her voice, telling Ralph, "Your breath is so bad it makes my ears numb."

Moore springs lots of surprises, including cameos from vid legends. Plus, you'll get all the jokes that go over kids' heads.



(1) Halle Berry, with mustache, treats a scared Doona Bae in *Cloud Atlas*.
(2) Denis Lavant stops to smell the roses in *Holy Motors*.
(3) Sarah Silverman voices a kid video-game hero confronting a world of giants in *Wreck-It Ralph*.



makes up its own rules.

Holy Motors swept me up in its surreal landscape of movie genres by the sheer force of Carax's devotion to cinema (he's a former film critic). Denis Lavant, a Carax muse and an actor of shimmering physical grace, takes on a dozen roles, male and female. As Mon-

gypsy beggar, a ninja warrior. You get the picture. Even if you don't, you'll be transported by Lavant as Monsieur Merde, a sewer troll who kidnaps a model (Eva Mendes) from a fashion shoot in Père-Lachaise cemetery, or as an assassin sent to kill his own double, or – in a rush of pure romantic yearn-



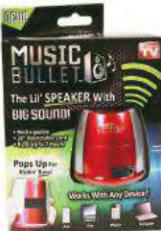
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CHARTS

iTUNES TOP 10 SONGS

- Taylor Swift** "I Knew You Were Trouble" Big Machine
- Psy** "Gangnam Style" Republic
- Adele** "Skyfall" XL/Columbia
- Maroon 5** "One More Night" A&M/Octone
- Ke\$ha** "Die Young" RCA
- fun.** "Some Nights" Fueled by Ramen
- Taylor Swift** "We Are Never Ever Getting Back Together" Big Machine
- Rihanna** "Diamonds" Roc Nation/Def Jam
- Taylor Swift** "Red" Big Machine
- Alex Clare** "Too Close" Universal

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COLLEGE RADIO TOP 10 ALBUMS

- Grizzly Bear** Shields Warp
- The xx** Coexist Young Turks
- Animal Collective** Centipede Hz Domino
- Dum Dum Girls** End of Daze Sub Pop
- The Raveonettes** Observator Vice
- Deerhoof** Breakup Song Polyvinyl
- Cat Power** Sun Matador
- Dinosaur Jr.** I Bet on Sky Jagjaguwar
- Flying Lotus** Until the Quiet Comes Warp
- David Byrne and St. Vincent** Love This Giant 4 AD/Todo Mundo

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From the Vault

RS 642, October 29th, 1992

TOP 10 SINGLES

- Boyz II Men** "End of the Road" Motown
- Patty Smyth with Don Henley** "Sometimes Love Just Ain't Enough" MCA
- PM Dawn** "I'd Die Without You" Gee Street/LaFace
- The Heights** "How Do You Talk to an Angel" Capitol
- Madonna** "Erotica" Maverick/Sire
- House of Pain** "Jump Around" Tommy Boy
- Hi-Five** "She's Playing Hard to Get" Jive
- En Vogue** "Free Your Mind" EastWest
- Snap!** "Rhythm Is a Dancer" Arista
- Arrested Development** "People Everyday" Chrysalis



On the Cover

"Ice Cube doesn't necessarily see how wonderful he is; he's afraid to accept he is the greatest poet America has ever had. I would rank him on an equal level with Bob Dylan in terms of being the voice of a generation. He's possibly the most powerful person in this country, but he's afraid to see that." —Sinéad O'Connor

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Top 40 Albums

- Mumford & Sons** Babel Glassnote
- NEW Macklemore and Ryan Lewis** The Heist Macklemore
- NEW Kiss** Monster UMe
- NEW MGK** Lace Up EST19XX/Bad Boy/Interscope
- NEW Coheed and Cambria** Afterman: Ascension Everything Evil
- NEW All Time Low** Don't Panic Hopeless
- NEW Barbra Streisand** Release Me Columbia
- Pink** The Truth About Love RCA
- NEW Ellie Goulding** Halcyon Cherrytree/Interscope
- Muse** The 2nd Law Helium-3/Warner
- Miguel** Kaleidoscope Dream ByStorm/RCA
- Pitch Perfect** Soundtrack UMe
- NEW The Script** #3 Phonogenic
- Little Big Town** Tornado Capitol Nashville
- Adele** 21 XL/Columbia
- Jackie Evancho** Songs from the Silver Screen Syc/Columbia
- Diana Krall** Glad Rag Doll Verve
- Maroon 5** Overexposed A&M/Octone
- fun.** Some Nights Fueled by Ramen
- Kanye West Presents G.O.O.D. Music Cruel Summer** Various Artists G.O.O.D./Def Jam
- One Direction** Up All Night Syc/Columbia
- Between the Buried and Me** The Parallax II: Future Sequence Metal Blade
- Van Morrison** Born to Sing: No Plan B Exile/Blue Note
- NOW 43** Various Artists Universal/EMI/Sony Music
- Three Days Grace** Transit of Venus RCA
- Green Day** iUno! Reprise
- Dave Matthews Band** Away From the World Bama Rags/RCA
- The Lumineers** The Lumineers Dualtone
- Mumford & Sons** Sigh No More Glassnote
- Justin Bieber** Believe Schoolboy/RBMG/Island
- 2 Chainz** Based on a T.R.U. Story Def Jam
- Carrie Underwood** Blown Away 19/Arista Nashville
- Luke Bryan** Tailgates & Tanlines Capitol Nashville
- Tame Impala** Lonerism Modular
- No Doubt** Push and Shove Interscope
- Jay-Z** Live in Brooklyn Roc Nation Digital
- Lupe Fiasco** Food & Liquor II: The Great American Rap Album Pt. 1st & 15th/Atlantic
- The Killers** Battle Born Island
- Cher Lloyd** Sticks & Stones Syc/Epic
- WOW Hits 2013** 30 of Today's Top Christian Artists & Hits Provident/Word-Curb



Big Macks

The Seattle rap duo's independent debut LP sold a surprise 78,000 copies in Week One after their "Thrift Shop" video scored 8.2 million YouTube hits.



Monsters of Rock

After Kiss hit the road all summer with Mötley Crüe, their 20th studio album — featuring a former Kiss cover-band guitarist — sold 56,000 copies this week.



Babs: Still Fab

Streisand scored her 33rd Top 10 LP with this outtakes collection — more than any woman in history. It sold 44,000 copies in its first week.



Go for the Gould

Brit art-pop powerhouse Goulding mixes electro beats and big hooks on her second album, which moved 34,000 units in Week One.

00 Chart position on Oct. 17th, 2012

00 Chart position on Oct. 10th, 2012

NEW New Entry ↑ Greatest Gainer

2ND Re-Entry

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But what do real owners think?



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